VOGUE

60¢
SEPT. 1

THE NEW AMERICAN ROMANCE FOR WILDLY PRETTY CLOTHES

DIRECT LINE FROM PARIS:
Vogue's first full report on the new French fashions

ARTICLES:
"My Chancy Life as a Movie-Maker"
By Irwin Shaw

"What's happened to the avant-garde"



ADVANCED EDITION

THE DO'S AND DONT'S OF WIG-OWNING

Charles of the Ritz



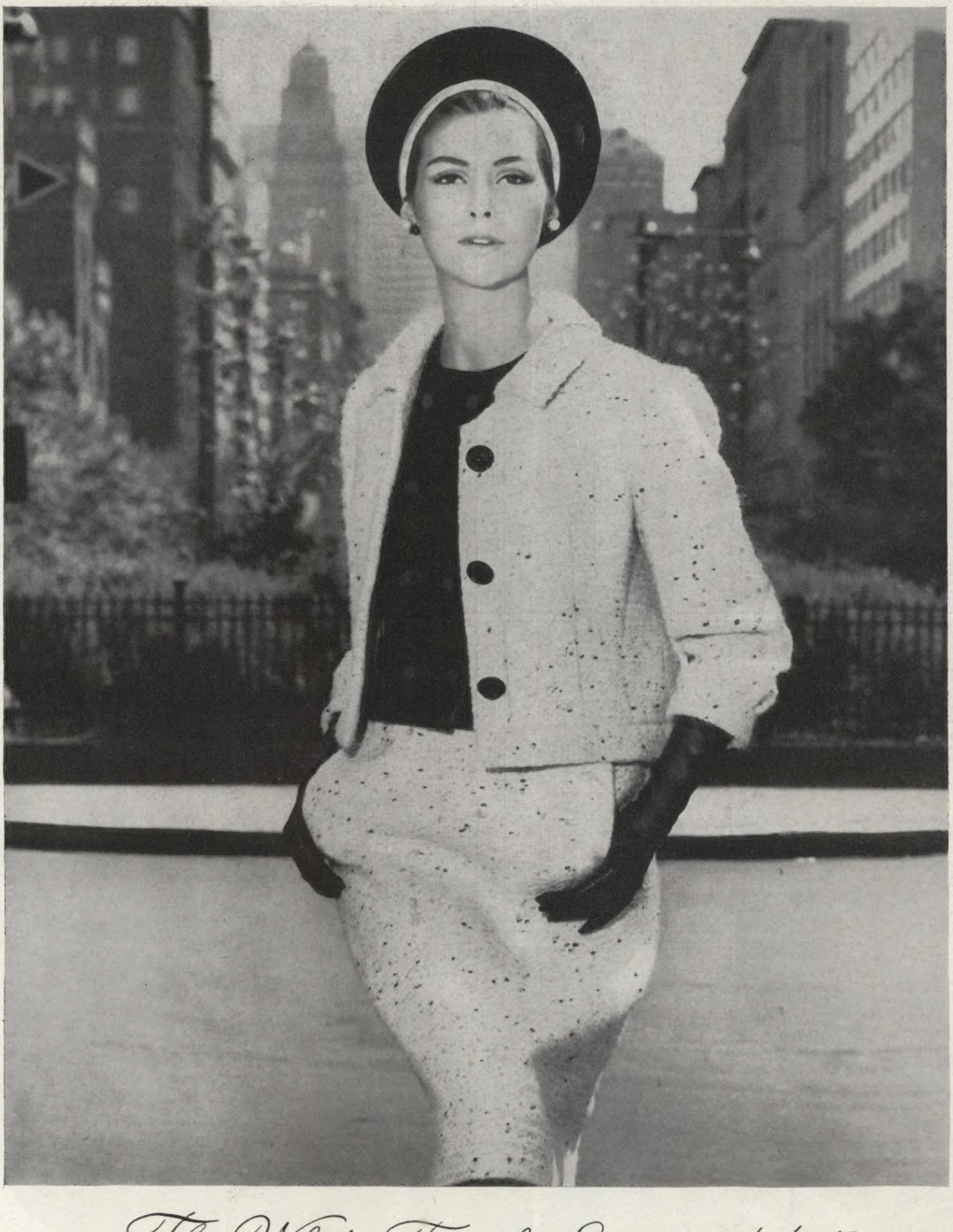




BOUTIQUE

...a little shop of lipsticks in just two shades! Boutique 1: a purpled-up rose to wear with true blues, great greens, violent violets. Boutique 2: a pepped-up coral to wear with the beiges, the greiges, all the undyed naturals. Boutique 2 over Boutique 1: a delicate red to wear with the grand neutrals of grey, black and white and red, itself. Boutique Lipsticks 1 and 2, in their own little package, $4.00 plus tax.

At favored department and specialty stores, here and in Canada.



E. ANTHES

The White Tweed Suit $435 *exclusive*

takes its new city-status casually.
Ben Zuckerman polishes it up for late-day with a
sleeveless overblouse of black silk satin
and does it exclusively for us in white Italian wool-worsted-and-
mohair tweeded here and there with black. Misses' sizes.
Suits, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



Quartette for a tricot lullaby

Shirey's beguiling sleepwear makes off-to-bedtime more fun for the little dreamers, less fuss for you. Note that it's made of gentle ENKA nylon tricot. That means it's *extra*-soft, full of fashion bounce and color dazzle. Easy care, too. Nylon sheer ruching adds a ruffly touch. Sizes 3X to 6X and 8 to 14, in pink, blue, red or white. Peignoir, gown and pajamas, about $5 each; baby doll set, about $4. B. Altman & Co., New York and branches; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; and other fine stores everywhere. Or write American Enka Corporation, 350 Fifth Ave., New York for nearest store.

AMERICAN ENKA CORPORATION, ENKA, N. C./PRODUCER OF NYLON • RAYON • YARNS • FIBERS

FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

SEPTEMBER 1, 1963

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



BERT STERN

COVER: A wildly pretty sweatery look for after dark with the little funnel of collar that's news in Paris and here. Black and pearly-white paillettes, chiffon-based, in a flowery Paisley pattern; at the waist, a brisk black bow. Shown here in its suit of white silk gabardine. By Geoffrey Beene. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Black gloves by Viola Weinberger. Earrings by Laguna. Soft, alive underglow of new Silk Fashion Liquid Make-Up by Helena Rubinstein. Coiffure by Kenneth.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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INTIMATE
BY REVLON



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J. HYDE CRAWFORD



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Gold coat turquoise stocking

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FOR THE TYPICAL AMERICAN SIZE®

THE NEW COACHMAN SHAPE COMES TO TOWN...sleek and racy in a remarkable new two-faced fabric. Soft worsted jersey outside, acetate tricot inside for smooth fit and feeling. Easy shaping with back belt and curving seams. A marvelous beginning for Fall in beige, red, green or black. Petite sizes 8 to 18. About $30. For the store nearest you write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York.



KATTEN BAG/MR. JOHN JR. HAT



Dinner sheath

nonpareil—

simple reed of sheer black wool

blazoned with

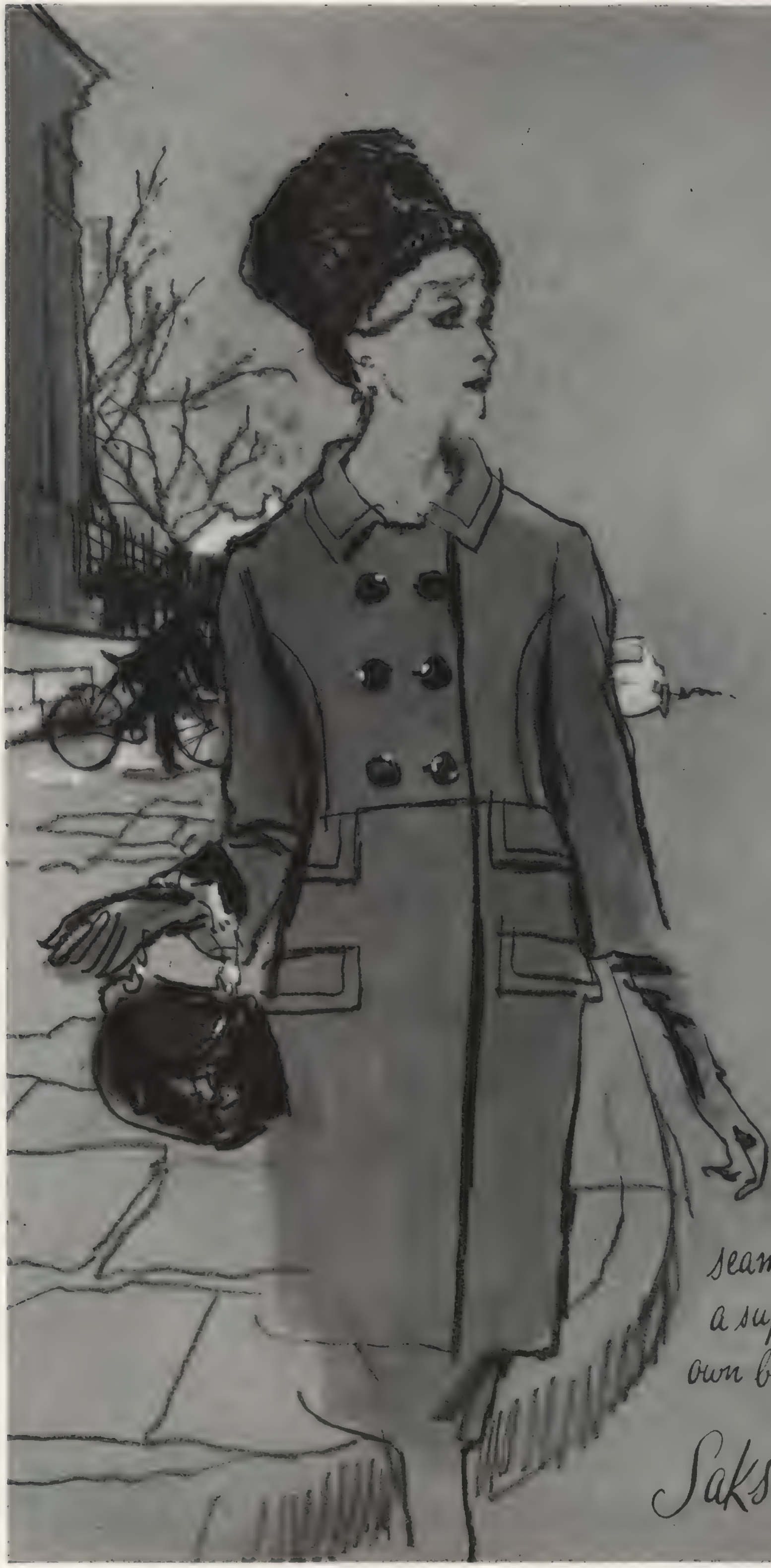
tiny golden beads.

Malcolm Starr's costume, 245.00

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at all Lord & Taylor stores

Red or mocha brown with a black rayon velvet top. Suit Collections.



Tailoring raised to a fine art – the lean lengthened town suit seamed with rare precision in a superb wool twill with its own black velvet overblouse, 395.00

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Brown or blue silk-rayon-and-cotton.
Also in black silk velvet with silk-metallic
thread-and-acetate brocade.
Exclusive in our Sophie Ready-to-Wear Collections.
Our own Sophie's
theatre costuming-
her precisely tailored
jacket over a marvelously
curved dress with low
carved neckline, 410.00
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owned and operated by the Hutzler family for more than a century

For little evenings... beautiful bareback wool with covering stole
From our Ben Reig collection designed by Eva Rosencrans

B Altman & Co



Dégagé . . . the important coat dress with the free and easy line! Here, in a leather sashed black worsted and silk by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner . . . misses' sizes. Third floor Designer Shop, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **225.00**

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A: Because 'Eterna 27' has brought to women's skin...even skeptical



Q: "I've read so many wild claims about skin creams. Exactly what proof is there that 'Eterna 27' really works?"

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'Eterna 27' to really make a ..when no other cream ever has?"

such remarkable changes
scientists are impressed.

Q: "The sun makes my skin look dry and oldish. Will 'Eterna 27' do any good?"

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Q: "How soon can I hope to see a real change in my skin?"

A: 'Eterna 27' is no overnight miracle (you wouldn't believe us if we told you it was.) It takes 40 days of faithful use for the maximum benefits to be seen.

Q: "Are there hormones in 'Eterna 27'?"

A: No, there are absolutely no hormones in this remarkable skin cream.

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A: Happily, no. 'Eterna 27' also acts as a lubricator and moisturizer for the throat and face.

Q: "Isn't 'Eterna 27' rather expensive?"

A: Not at these special prices. And we are honestly convinced it can do more for you than any other cream at any price. Its formula is unique. And its basic ingredient is patented for use by Revlon alone. Wouldn't you be foolish not to try 'Eterna 27' now?

A very rare offering...
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8.50
6 ozs., 13.25 value

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New Night-Tweed: Pale Ivory, and pure allure. This tantalizing treatment of a country texture goes Big City, glowing like candlelight across a café table. Its simple shaping is supple-as-silk. Inside the skim-fitted jacket—a surprise lining of celery green rayon brocade, over an easy dress with a raised waistline. Designed by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, in ivory souffléd wool tweed. Sizes 6 to 14. $90. Fifth Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Atlanta has more ballet dancers than any other city in the South



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SCHOOL OF THE ATLANTA CIVIC BALLET

It also has Rich's



And Rich's has (L. to R.) Arthur Jablow, Maurice Rentner, Ben Reig, Harvey Berin and almost every other great name in fashion.
Rich's, Atlanta



This is the jungle.
The home of New York's rag trade. Like all jungles, its law is survival of the fittest. Most people stay alive here by following the beaten track. It's amazing that the jungle produces any creative talent at all. Incredible that it ever nurtured designers like Norell, Trigère and Galanos. Now it even has a new name, Bill Blass, a tiger who stalks new ideas that do new things for a woman. There are no mistakes or namby-pamby designs in the Bill Blass collection for Maurice Rentner. You can't stay alive and do that in the jungle. Maybe it isn't so bad after all.

Bill Blass designs for MAURICE RENTNER


Crossing city-country lines with great swagger, the slick scarved wool suit in three heroic parts. For Maurice Rentner by Bal Blass. From our Tribout Collection.
John Wanamaker
PHILADELPHIA

HARVEY BERIN



Peck & Peck



Photographed at the de luxe Hotel Royal in Italy's San Remo

Chiffon flannel: the Peck & Peck Girl's strategy for September's warm weather

An inspired fashion formula for fall: the decidedly new-season look of soft flannel, loomed light as chiffon for the lingering warm days of early autumn. Here, a finely tucked sheath in dove grey, flashed with a yellow braided suede tie. 8 to 18, 55.00

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester • Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Twin Cities • Indianapolis • Washington • Atlanta • Cincinnati • Kansas City • Hartford • Buffalo • Providence



ben Zuckerman

designed by harry shacter

Peck & Peck



Photographed in San Remo on the Italian Riviera

The Peck & Peck Girl makes news this fall in a cashmere jacket by *Hadley*

Topping the autumn season: the jacket look, marvelous here in Hadley's downy-soft two-ply cashmere with braided edging and platter pearl buttons. Hunting rose, Douglas blue or bone. 34 to 40, 40.00
Matchmate Hunting rose or Douglas blue in a slimline wool skirt, loomed for us alone. 8 to 18, 17.00

Peck & Peck—Fifth Avenue, New York



by BRANELL

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE, BIRMINGHAM

L. STRAUSS, INDIANAPOLIS

METZGER'S, MOBILE



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FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE


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Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, North Carolina • Richmond, Virginia
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Doop's East Orange, Short Hills, N. J.


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Canada Majestic Mink;
takes on the new look
of relaxed elegance.
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Doop's East Orange, Short Hills, N. J.
*TRADEMARK OF



BEN REIG DESIGNED BY EVA ROSENCRANS FROST BROS. SAN ANTONIO

She set out to buy him a birthday gift. A funny thing happened on the way to the tobacconist...she bought something 'his,' and she bought something 'hers'—three sportsuits indelibly Evan-Picone. She couldn't resist the flannel or live without the tweed. She had to have the country corduroy! She took them all and thought to herself: **A girl can't own too many**– Evan-Picone



Shirt-inspired sportsuits: country corduroy about $40, herringbone tweed about $40, grey flannel about $35. BONWIT TELLER, all stores; NEUSTETER'S, all stores; HALLE BROS., all stores.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

colors on

barely pink!

barely strawberry!

barely tan!

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF AND ARPELS

Revlon uncovers the 'nearly-naked' look!

translucent pales

6 paler-than-pales for lips and nails!

The newest (nudest) fashion of the year: barely-there pales with a ladylike luster you're going to adore (even if you've been anti-pale before)! These are brightened pales, not whitened pales—soft, sheer, almost see-through shades—so wildly becoming you'll covet them all!

the naked side'

barely peach! barely orange! barely ivory!

Dan Millstein wraps you in mystery... Einiger's Bacaza®, lush wool fabric with a most extraordinary surface! Collared with natural Canadian Lynx down to there! Nothing but wool could drape you so lovingly. Sizes 6 to 18. About $160. At fine stores. Write **Einiger Mills, Inc.**, 111 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y. (Sponsored jointly with American Wool Council.)

'ENJOY THE NATURAL WONDER OF WOOL LOOMED IN AMERICA.'



THE SEAL OF FASHION AUTHORITY IN FABRIC

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

When other make-ups fail you...

Sheer Genius gives you Close-Up Beauty

Up close...just when other make-ups look made-up, Sheer Genius looks delightfully like *you*. Soft and smooth, clear and fresh, appealingly natural. The reason is powder and foundation and subtle color, perfectly blended into a single fresh liquid that applies perfectly in one step. Up close, you never have to worry about shine, or streaking. Without touch-ups, Sheer Genius gives you hours and hours of...*close-up beauty*. Try it!



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NATURAL FINISH OR EXTRA COVER FORMULAS $1.50

THE COMPLETE MATTE FINISH MAKE-UP BY MAX FACTOR



This is Firebird;
the very, very female
of the species.

And the very, very couture look in jewelry.
A brilliant collection of necklaces, bracelets, earrings
and pins in colors designed to set the
sparks flying. From $5 to $20, at fine stores
or write: Vendome, New York 1, N. Y.

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Walking heels that say comfort in a smart tailored way



Sporty casual with a genuine Ripple® sole—lets you walk with an easy-going sense of style and keen sense of comfort. The bouncy sole is so light and flexible you can bend it double. 12.99 (other styles, 9.99 to 15.99)

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All Prices Higher Denver West

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Town-to-country attitudes expressed in looped mohair costumed with a brushed reversible stole. Houndstooth-checks in navy and bone—also citrus tones, pottery blue and camel. About 90.00. The stole about 18.00.

Matching hat by Leslie James.

122 East 7th St., Los Angeles, California

Beautiful seasonal beginnings: Matte chiffon and wool costume, about $110. Giant check coat over flannel dress, the ensemble, about $160. Nubbed wool 3-piece costume with Somali cheetah trim, about $160. Bonwit Teller, all stores, Dayton's Oval Room, Neiman-Marcus, Joseph Magnin.



PAT SANDLER FOR HIGHLIGHT

FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



The slender dinner gown, long-sleeved lamé chiffon by Maurice Rentner. In the Crystal Room

HUDSON'S
the Woodward Shops
DETROIT

TOTALITY OF FASHION IN ANGLO'S BLACK AND WHITE WOOL TWEED. THE CRESCENDO EFFECT IS ACHIEVED WITH NATURAL WOOL, LIVE AND SPRINGY... ITS PLIABILITY COMPATIBLE WITH THE ULTIMATE IN WEAVES, THE MOST DYNAMIC OF DESIGNS. 8-14. ABOUT $475

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a romantic sweep of white silk chiffon flowing from a bodice of tawny emba autumn haze mink...designed by Count Sarmi exclusively for I. Magnin & Co.



Nat Kaplan designs for good girls



and bad


BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS
PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD
Pringle of Scotland
City Cashmere—all caress and sophistication. All Pringle,
with a knitted fully lined cashmere skirt and covered buttons.


HERBERT
SONDHEIM
Designed by Bruno
Peau d'ange, worsted jersey—a l'Empire



TWO GREAT FASHION NEUTRALS—CAMEL AND GREY

Pure Camel Hair and Grey worsted paired in exciting autumn fashions, masterly tailored, town-minded. Here, a group from the important collection by CHARLES COOPER for COOPER-COUTURE. Sizes 8-16. Starting at $185.00.

At: Bonwit Teller—all stores • Nan Duskin

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COOPER-COUTURE





ben Zuckerman

Intoxicating . . . the frill of enormous embroidered French lace puffs on a willowy stem of black crêpe. Suit underlined. About $100 Knee-length version about $90
In sizes 5 to 15 Franklin Simon, all stores Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia Frost Bros., San Antonio Best Apparel, Seattle Jacobson's of Michigan



MAM'SELLE

by Betty Carol

Jewels by David Webb

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Counterpoint of silk played against tweed. Subtle, worldly. Shaped to perfection.
three part costume, about $90.

unmistakably...

Frank Gallant



A quartet of pockets highlights a double-breasted coat in Anglo's handsomely textured, natural wool that assures depth of color . . . supple shape. Vintage tones of Green, Indigo Blue, Brownstone, Garnet, Spanish Grape, Black.

Anglo Fabrics

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Pure line—pure wool knit two piece dress. About $60. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
B. Altman, Marshall Field, Montaldo's.

Kimberly



More and more people are discovering the difference between ordinary fabric and Klopman fabric. ADELAAR, for example, chooses Klopman 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER and 35% COMBED COTTON broadcloth for this pleat-front shirt. The pleats stay neat (and so do you) through countless washings. A virtue we weave in deliberately. The sort of thing you take for granted. Not us. It's our business. French-cuff shirt in pink, white, blue, seafoam, bone or grey. 8 to 18. About $8. Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Marshall Field, Chicago; Hudson's, Detroit; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; J.W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc., 450 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 1. A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

REVLON lights up
the night scene
with a never-before
evening make-up...
subtly frosted
to give your face
an exquisite, soft
shimmering look
(madly beautiful!)



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Haven't you noticed how daytime make-up looks faded (or *jaded*) under evening lights? That's why Revlon created 'Frosted Touch and Glow' *expressly for your after-five life:* the luminous liquid make-up gives your skin a soft-and-scintillant *glow*...the frosted face powder adds a pearl-and-diamond *shimmer*. Result? You're *easily* the most fascinating female in the room! (If history is made at night, this is where *you* begin!)

Revlon 'frosted touch & glow' evening make-up collection

Frosted Liquid Make-up and matching Pressed Powder in 5 scintillant complexion colors. Frosted Loose Powder in 2 shimmering translucent shades.



AMETHYST IS NOT A COLOR **it's a point of view, an imperial gem tone**



that's the best excuse for not wearing black. From a collection by ADELE SIMPSON.



If you would like to know the name of the store where you can purchase Amalfi shoes, write to us at

Amalfi*
ORIGINALS
350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1, N. Y.

This shoe was made for you in Italy by Amalfi. To dramatize its lightness we floated it on a leaf. It is light because of its unique construction, and because it is both *covered and completely lined with kidskin.*

There are more advantages to kidskin than lightness, however. Notice the softly crinkled grain, the velvety creases which add individuality to the shoe and the comfortable, supple pliancy of the leather.

It is a shoe of quiet elegance for women of similar tastes. About twenty dollars.

*Registered U.S. Trademark



FORSTMANN

Stevens Fabrics

Fashion speaks its lines in Forstmann. The relaxed pullover look, with new town sophistication in a lightweight wool tweed dress. About $125 at Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.

150th Anniversary 1813-1963

Stevens Forstmann

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IN THE FRENCH STYLE

starring JEAN SEBERG
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Brilliant new shapes from the best Paris Haute Couture masterfully tailored and interpreted precisely with every exquisite detail of the original, in the great Dan Millstein tradition . . . naturally "*In The French Style*".

Left: A coat of young elegance that suggests a waist, defining front panels and hidden pockets, designed in luxurious mohair/wool bouclé. White, red. About $125.

Right: Paris chic . . . the souffled mohair suit in pink or taupe checks, shaped with new ease. Jacket lined in wool jersey, matched by a soft bow blouse. Pink, taupe. About $125. *Far Right:* Coat drama in nubby wool with back belt excitement, strides with double pockets, bold military collar and antique brass buttons. Red, navy, celery. About $110. All styles 6 to 16.

At **BONWIT TELLER,** New York and all stores, also at one fine store in your city. For free brochure and name of store nearest you, write Paris Import Division, Dan Millstein, Inc., 205 West 39th Street, New York 18, New York. Manufactured in Canada by **BARRY LEE,** 1193 Phillips Sq., Montreal.

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Far Left: The longer jacket-suit look ...double-breasted in imported diagonal black/white wool tweed, vividly sparked with a red cut-velvet vest and slim black wool skirt. About $110. *Left:* The new profile coat, sculptured to front contour body lines in worsted whipcordé, is magnificently collared with ranch mink. Black, brown, red. About $140.
Right: Coat magnetism . . . elegantly shaped with new proportions in imported ribbed worsted, double breasted with crochet buttons. Black only. About $125. All styles 6 to 16.

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Even though there are 41 smoothing, moisturizing ingredients in Paradox—the only miracle is your skin. So wondrous are its own natural powers that with just the proper protection, even a mature complexion can look firm, radiant, young. And this is why the new Paradox program of *continuous* skin care was born. Night and day, it guards your skin's youth-sustaining moisture...complements its own natural urge to shed old cells and bring fresh, firm new ones to life.

And this continuous beauty protection takes only 6 minutes a day. You just refresh and purify your skin with Paradox Creme Cleanser...then before retiring, stroke on Creme Paradox and awaken beauty while you sleep. And last, in the morning before make-up—apply Paradox Moisturizing Lotion—to redew your skin all day long. It's that simple. With Paradox, instead of wanting to stop the clock, you'll look forward to the new beauty each day brings.

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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



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French luxury is so
evident in the look
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Entrancing dancing in Delaware: the début of Miss Genevieve du Pont


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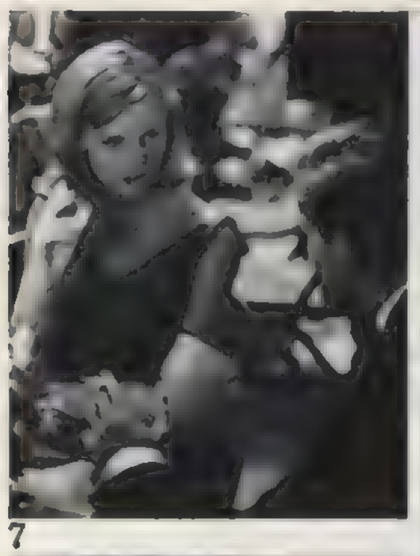

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At the entrance gate a pond floated yellow-and-white water lilies with lit candles, and a liveried footman from a yellow-and-white tent handed champagne in yellow and white paper cups to guests in waiting cars. Then seven hundred and fifty guests drove up the hill to Ridgely, the Nicholas du Pont house near Wilmington. For the début of the Du Ponts' daughter, Genevieve, the lovely grounds of Ridgely took on a special, Federal-period glow, with hurricane lamps, American eagles, "old-fashioned" flowers in old tôle containers, waiters in white stocks and white gloves—an aura documented and reproduced by the decorator, Valerian Rybar, to mark the early association of the Du Ponts with Federal history. Inside a tent ballroom—coloured citron, turquoise, and white—there were cut-mirror chandeliers, a sea of citron-skirted tables, raised platforms with Greek Revival façades. Chefs turned out delicious hamburgers to go with a



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country breakfast buffet, and the orchestra played such wondrous music that guests were cha-cha-cha-ing to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," doing the "Valkyrie Twist," and celebrating the revival of the waltz until dawn came up over Delaware.

1. Miss Genevieve du Pont receiving with her mother and father in front of a mural of the Brandywine Valley. 2. Mrs. Nicholas du Pont and Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, junior; in background, Mrs. Charles Watters. 3. Mrs. Derek Limbocker, the débutante's sister, with Mr. William du Pont. 4. Miss du Pont with Mr. John Sly. 5. Miss Joan Worth and Mr. Thomas Turner. 6. In the main tent: black-and-white pavement, ropes of flowers. 7. Miss Jane Bateman. 8. Mrs. Charlton Henry; Mr. Donald Downs. 9. Miss Mary Ann Cox; Mr. Peter Britton (left); Mr. Peter Bell. 10. Mr. Carter Walker; Mr. Edwin Dean; Mrs. Walker.



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Timeless elegance® for a season of places and pleasures. Smartly shaped wool costume in black, French blue or wild cherry . . . petite and misses sizes 8-18. About 110.00. For nearest store write Ben Barrack, 498 7th Ave., New York 18.

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

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About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

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255 Gracie Station, New York 28 G4

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A spectacular, seagoing party:
the Captain's Gala in New York



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For a five-hour gambol at sea, diplomats, dignitaries, three State Governors, beautiful people from all over, boarded the "Rotterdam," the Holland-America Line flagship. The breeze fluttered magnificent long dresses, many of them white or pink or green, most of them set off by remarkable emeralds, diamonds, rubies. After sunset drinks on deck and dinner below, there was door-prize distribution with Governor Rockefeller handing out the prizes. Then some guests danced, but most of them crowded into The Casino—gambling's permissible twelve miles out. At 1:30, the ship returned to its dock, where a flock of chauffeured limousines awaited some seven hundred celebrated guests. For cancer research, the seaworthy party had netted over $110,000.

1. At 7:45, the "Rotterdam" took off for a round trip to the Ambrose Light. 2. The Duchess of Windsor in pale blue silk organza by Dior; Mr. Charles Engelhard. 3. The Honourable Stanton Griffis, Mrs. William Langley, and Mr. Howard Bell. 4. Governor Nelson Rockefeller; Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, chairman of the Gala, wearing pink-dotted net by Leslie Morris; Mrs. Oscar H. Barnhard, chairman of the Gift Committee; the Duke of Windsor. 5. Governor Endicott Peabody of Massachusetts with Mrs. Peabody (left) and his sister, Mrs. Ronald Tree, a member of the U.S. Mission to the United Nations. 6. Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller—she wore flame-orange crêpe by Norell. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt; her pink brocade, by Mainbocher.



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THE THINKING WOMAN'S MAKE-UP STRATEGY



A beautiful woman walks into the room. She has that cool, poreless, melted pearls complexion that makes men effuse... women chartreuse. A luminous radiance lights her face, star-dusts her eyes. Later, you wonder. "Was she really all that beautiful—or did she just *seem* beautiful?"

Illusion. All magnificent illusion. Her secret? *Make-up lighting*... a camouflage long practiced by photographers, models, great actresses. Now you, too, can play these make-up tricks with wondrous **JAQUET Translucid Foundation** in **White Magic.** Working on a light-refracting principle, the white under-foundation blots out the unbeautiful... soft focuses the complexion in a flattering new light.

Completely non-detectable, **JAQUET Translucid White Magic** is worn right under your Translucid complexion color. This is the first foundation *chiffon-sheer* enough to be worn in 2 tones—white and a flattering complexion tone.

JAQUET'S *wonder-under* make-up creates some amazing illusions; **White Magic** whites out shadows under eyes, dark circles, little age-insinuating lines. Blemishes fade politely. Use a pink tone **Translucid** over the **White Magic** and sallow skin—fini!

White Magic is like giving yourself hours of beauty sleep in a few seconds! Drying? Quite the contrary! **JAQUET** Translucid Foundations contain effective ingredients to keep your skin delectably dewy all day. It will never cake or change color. Choose from seven outrageously beautiful shades... created to color-bathe your complexion in the most flattering light imaginable!

Diagrammed below, a few fool-the-eye make-up stratagems with JAQUET TRANSLUCID FOUNDATION



WHITE MAGIC
below brows
makes eyes
loom larger,
more luminous

WHITE MAGIC
under eyes
whites out
shadows,
dark circles



WHITE MAGIC
camouflages
frown lines,
laugh lines,
mouth lines

DEEPER SHADES
can be used to
hollow cheekbones,
contour face,
diminish features

Jaquet treatments and cosmetics at I. Magnin & Co., San Francisco; Bloomingdale's, New York, and other fine stores. For store nearest you, write Jaquet Cosmetiques, 539 West 45th St., New York 36.

(Continued at your Beauty Counter)



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(*slightly higher on west coast)

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The telephone symbol at the bottom of a VOGUE advertisement means that you can quickly find out where to buy the merchandise you see advertised. On the last page of the magazine is a listing of phone numbers—you'll find one to call in your area. The operator who answers will tell you where to buy the merchandise you saw advertised in this issue of VOGUE.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Tenting on French Embassy grounds: the Opera Ball in Washington

It was pink and red all over at the Opera Ball in the gardens of Washington's handsome French Embassy—one of the prettiest parties of the year. Ambassadors, statesmen, congressmen, six hundred people in all, danced in a pink-striped tent, dined in other tents under a hanging garden of geraniums suspended in baskets over pink-skirted, candlelit tables. Given each year at a different embassy to raise funds for the Opera Society, the Ball this year was rather a great big *Fête Champêtre,* complete with Garde Républicaine and attractive French shepherdesses, who gave each man a carnation, pink or red, of course. There wasn't a short dress to be seen among the chiffons, the crêpes, and organdies, and only one man didn't wear Black Tie. That was France's Foreign Minister, Maurice Couve de Murville, a surprise guest who didn't have one with him. Just in from an Ottawa conference, he stopped by for a short drink, stayed, to everybody's delight, for a long dance.



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1. In the receiving line, His Excellency Hervé Alphand, French Ambassador to the U. S., with Mrs. Alphand (left) and Mrs. Polk Guest, co-chairman of the Ball. 2. Mr. Lamar Cecil, junior, in Garde Républicaine uniform; with Miss Genevieve de Virel. 3. Mr. John Logan with Mrs. Lawler Reeves. 4. Mr. Taylor Chewning. 5. Mr. and Mrs. David Rust. 6. Mrs. Angel Sanz-Briz, wife of the Spanish Consul in New York; His Excellency Emilio Garrigues, Minister of the Spanish Embassy in Washington. 7. His Excellency J. Herman van Roijen, the Ambassador from The Netherlands to the U. S.; Mrs. Oates Leiter; Mr. William Taylor. 8. Lady Ormsby Gore, the wife of Great Britain's Ambassador to the U. S. 9. Mr. John Wagley, wearing a Garde Républicaine uniform; His Excellency Maurice Couve de Murville, the Foreign Minister of the Republic of France.

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master Couture Knitters of Paris

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topaz—blue—beige—charcoal ...about $115*



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Triple switches on demi-wigs

Unbeatable coiffures—
at the drop of a hairpin—with these
great new hairpieces.
A simple formula: your own hair
at the base; witty small
wigs, ingenious
switches for heady variation.

Charmed-up curls,
at right—a long
switch twisted into a
bulky shape, wrapped
around a handwoven
demi-wig, dressed
here into Botticelli
curls and fastened
by a comb onto your
own neatly narrowed
hair. By Joseph
Fleischer.

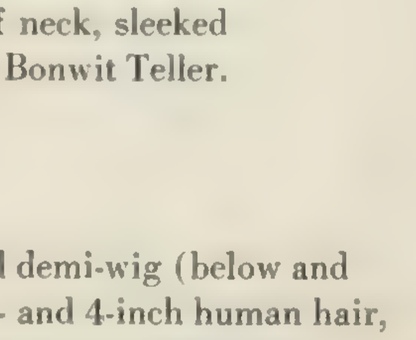




A versatile fall of human
hair, at left, made in
Paris, specially processed
for longer life, attached
to a stretch band. Heightened
variation here shows new
clear nape of neck, sleeked
guiche. At Bonwit Teller.

Softly pouffed demi-wig (below and
at right) of 3- and 4-inch human hair,
machine-sewn onto a coarse net.
Start with a smooth, loose,
off-the-face coiffure, secure the pouf
at the crown by its own comb, add
a coif-jewel at night. By Merriwig.
At Joseph Magnin; Hudson's.





RAY PORTER



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Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
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Buffalo, N. Y., L. L. Berger, Inc.
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East Orange, N. J., R. H. Muir, Inc.
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Carefully casual. Left: shadow tone tweed and wool challis. Jacket, about $15. Skirt, about $13. Blouse, about $10. Right: Miniature check in wool and Orlon® acrylic with silk and rayon shell. Jacket, about $15. Skirt, about $15. Shell, about $8. All in mossy green, brown, blue or red. 10 to 18. Suit fabrics by HANORA. Lord & Taylor, New York; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; Hudson's, Detroit; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. See facing page for additional stores. Adelaar, 525 Seventh Ave., New York.

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. . . so glamorous you have to be told they're Hypo-Allergenic.

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BLAZER BULLETIN...



ARTHUR TODD

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You don't feel the girdle because it's made with nylon and uncovered Lycra® spandex, the lightest girdle fabric of all.

What do you feel? Basic, down to earth, au courant with your femalehood in a new brown we call Earthy.™ We named the color Earthy because it is. A serene, confident, basic brown. A breath of pure oxygen after seasons of souped up colors.

The girdle is Warner's® famous Delilah,™ 3 ounces of elegant control, 8.95. The bra is Warner's Delilah—lace top, Shapeliner™ undercups, 5.00. No extra charge for the earthy feeling. Other colors are black, white and a half dozen more.



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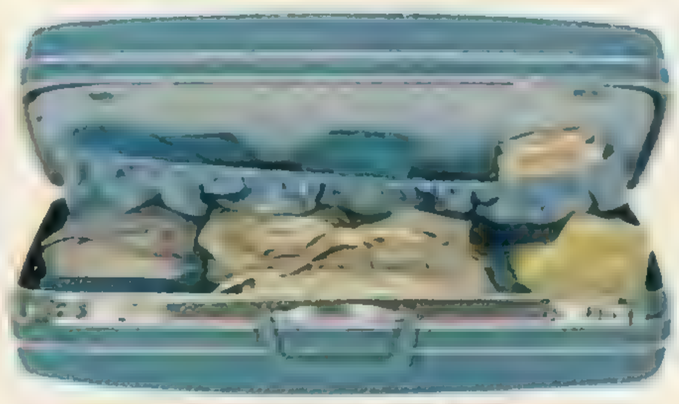


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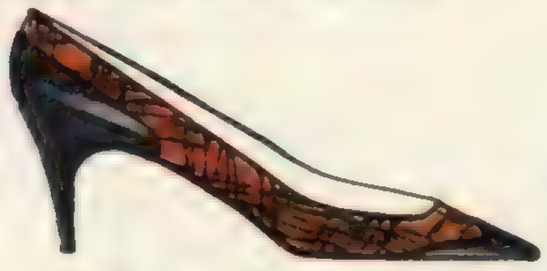
The luggage that sets the pace for luxury

SHWAYDER BROS., INC., LUGGAGE DIV., DENVER. MAKERS OF SAMSONITE FOLDING FURNITURE. PRICES PLUS EXISTING TAXES. IN CANADA THRU SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., STRATFORD, ONT. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

PUT YOURSELF IN OUR SHOES...

When the well dressed woman plans her wardrobe, she plans a *total* look. The shoe she wears is as important to that look as her "natural" dress, her newsy turban, her five-button glove. And, of course, because she's truly "elegant" she doesn't settle for the ordinary. That's why we at De Liso Debs go out of our way . . . all over the world, in fact . . . to offer her the *extra*ordinary. In material. In style. In quality. In workmanship.

Our kind of "elegant" is well aware of the new American movement in fashion . . . of the look that says "American." We're not only aware of it, we're a part of it. That's why we've gathered precious materials from wherever in the world we can find the finest . . . and translated them through quality workmanship and fresh, delightful design into exclusive American fashion for this woman who understands the look of today and knows what she wants.



At De Liso Debs, we believe in the unusual. You won't find our smart plaid print on genuine leather anywhere else because it's our own idea. We like the opulent look at the right time and the right place, too . . . and the more luxurious the better. Have yours in exclusive black polka dot fabric glittered with bronze sequins.



de Liso debs

Color is king here . . . and we love the look of our exclusive new Golden Browns, a wonderful new accent tone...and rich, rich "Wild Blue Yonder" to coordinate with all the new blues or provide the deftest accent for '63's softer tweeds.



"One and a Halves" are an absolutely-can't-do-without for our au courant sort of lady. And, incidentally, could *this* "American Look" be more American?



Now, here's fashion from a brand-new point of view. All the way through, you might say. After all, a lady's sole *does* show occasionally, and we feel duty-bound to make it as beautiful and soft as possible . . . hence, the Softowner Sole in genuine leather, with outling cable stitching.

Of course, everyone knows that shoes are more and more open . . . but you won't find everyone presenting the look with the purity of line and texture that distinguishes these "slips of shoes," opened up for daytime and for After Five, too.



Just a word here for the enduring sophistication of the sleek, closed pump. We think every "elegant" should have at least one pair. Don't you?



Exciting? Of course. De Liso Debs are exciting enough to build a wardrobe around . . . or *of*. And, don't forget, the excitement isn't just skin deep . . . De Liso Debs workmanship and finest quality materials are always there to back up our look of tomorrow, today. An enduringly "right" look.

It's time to think about *your* "total look" for fall. We hope our viewpoint on today's fashion will help you. And if you like our De Liso Debs even half as much as we think you will, we'll be delighted. Genuine leather and reptile print calfskins about $20.00.

(Advertisement)



PALE EMBA® BEAUTY: **TOURMALINE®** MINK

The most luxe of jackets and the newest look in mink: pale, soft, gentled color...the languorously beautiful natural color of pale beige TOURMALINE. Emba® mink, of course—from America, and the world's most desired. ®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION Virginia Thoren-Rice

Sovereign Furs

HAUSNER, BLUM & KUZENS

635 South Hill Street • Los Angeles 14, Calif.

J. W ROBINSON STORES, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA • JOHN BALDWIN STORES, FLORIDA • ISABELL GERHART STORES, HOUSTON, TEXAS



THE SHAPE OF LANZ TO COME!

It's new and audacious, taking all sorts of fresh and feminine outlines. If you are a slip of a woman (of any age from about 15 on), trim of limb, tiny of feature . . . you may already know the fluent Lanz line, the exactness of fit, the fineness of fabric, the vitality of color, the perfection of workmanship. There's a new Lanz collection in one of the nice stores you like. Write and ask which one is nearest you. *Above, from the collection: black and white houndstooth check in wool, sizes 5 to 15, $39.95. LANZ 6150 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles / 1407 Broadway, N.Y.*

Lanz

Jobère
BY MORTY SUSSMAN



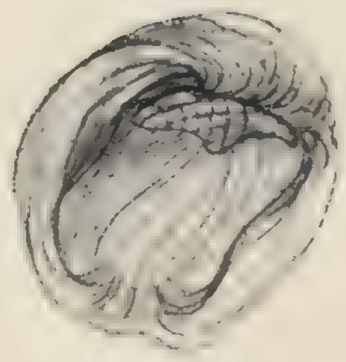
black
wool
crepe
$100

LORD & TAYLOR
MONTALDO'S

WIGGERY-POKERY

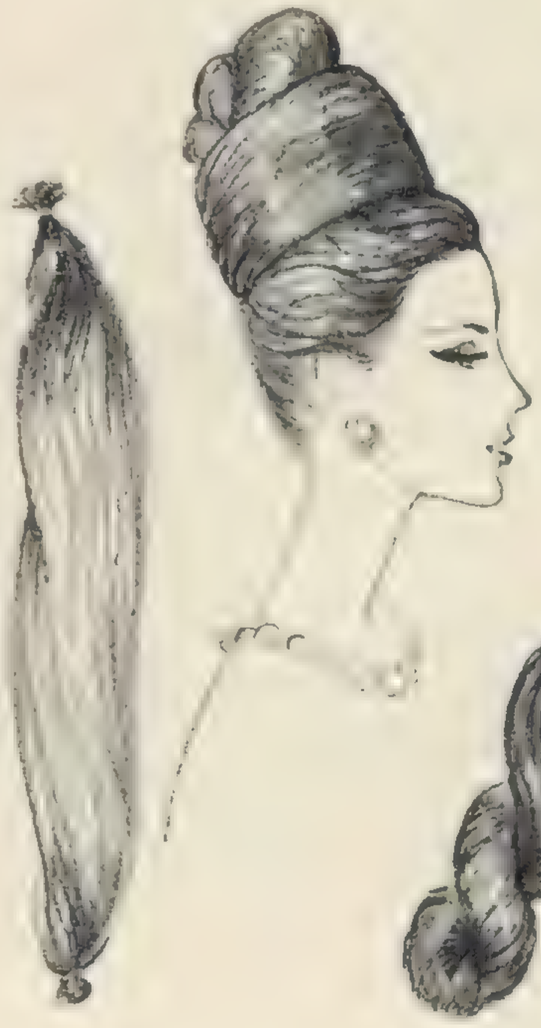
Open season for hairpieces

Basic principles of demi-wiggery: the fall of nape-length hair (in two versions here), that slips on as easily as a headband, and switches—long, fat hanks of hair to twist into a coil, to wrap into a chignon.



Basket-weave wefted fall made of 8- and 10-inch hair hand-woven into a 4-inch-square net base (at right). Coiffure shown here is built by taking strands of hair from each side, bringing them forward, combing them in with your own hair. This fall, called "Enchanted Evening," by Joseph Fleischer.





Use two chignons for this height-of-fantasy coiffure. left. Take one—an "8½" twist, placed on the crown, ends down. Take two—turn the other chignon around the twist.

These chignons of new, synthetic, easily-cared-for D-40 fibres. At Saks Fifth Avenue.



Built for height, a demi-wig, at right and above right, on a stiffened buckram band. At wig's back, a net piece for creating your own fantasies—above right it's a smoothed, high shape, but it could just as easily be arranged into wisps or mèches that swirl, frame your face. By John Bernard at Paul Chabré.



RAY PORTER

What Oleg Cassini said to Carol Channing

He's revealing exciting Fall fashion news: His new luxury seamless stockings are being shown now . . . exclusive at leading stores . . . and they cost only $1.19 and $1.29. Oleg Cassini fashion-correct color blends for complexion, clothing and accessories . . . Oleg Cassini fashion-correct fit that smoothly clings to every leg contour. Sheer glamour for you from noted designer Oleg Cassini.

finer seamless stockings by

Oleg Cassini

(5th FIFTH AVE NEW YORK)





the pilot blouse in Rapture®





What *is* Rapture? It's another Pilot exclusive! Only The Pilot Blouse has this elegant new fabric with the look and feel of beautiful matte silk! It's the crepe you never thought would happen—silky luxury in Dacron. Rapture is 93% Dacron* Polyester, 7% pure silk; comes in the loveliest fashion colors imaginable. Rapture washes by hand or machine; drip-dries or dries by machine. It never needs ironing; resists wrinkling. Opaque yet porous. Silky to the touch. Comfortable to wear all four seasons of the year. Won't cling or pill. In white, blue, beige, grey, pink, black. Upper left: sizes 30 to 38. About $7. Upper right: sizes 30 to 40. About $8. Lower left: sizes 30 to 38. About $8. Lower right: sizes 30 to 38. About $7. At fine stores everywhere. **The Kramer Company** (a Division of L'Aiglon Apparel, Inc.), 1407 Broadway, New York 18, New York. *DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Great new beauty prescription for troubled hair



Actually makes your hair feel stronger!

Most women today have one or more of these hair troubles—do you?

- ☐ DRY HAIR
- ☐ OVER-PERMANENTED HAIR
- ☐ DULL, LIMP HAIR
- ☐ SUN-DAMAGED HAIR
- ☐ SPONGY TEXTURE
- ☐ BRITTLE HAIR
- ☐ SPLITTING ENDS
- ☐ OVER-POROUS HAIR

If you checked even one, we prescribe **condition*** by Clairol.

Entirely new and different

A richly effective, deeply corrective formula, unlike anything you've used before. Not a hairdressing or surface pomade, new **condition*** is a fabulous beauty pack, a superb reconditioner evolved after three years of laboratory research by Clairol, the specialist in beautiful hair.

Amazingly fast results

You'll see and feel a marvelous difference the very first time you use **condition***. Even in hair which seems hopelessly troubled! Used regularly, it's so good for your hair. Many women now make **condition*** an indispensable part of their beauty routine.

Confirmed by Good Housekeeping

New **condition*** adds lively bounce, vital body, satiny sheen. Dried-out, parched hair quickly soaks up its lavish moisturizers. Dull, limp or brittle hair is revitalized to glorious new life and lustre. Hair over-exposed to sun and sea takes on new vigorous, shining beauty. Spongy, over-porous hair is so tenderly built up—it actually feels stronger after **condition***! This amazing performance has been confirmed by Good Housekeeping's Beauty Clinic.

Easy and quick to use

Simply use **condition*** as a beauty pack after a shampoo. Pleasant and gentle as your most luxurious facial creme. Delightfully fragrant, smooth, white and creamy. No steaming under heat caps—heat is unnecessary. What a boon!

Prescribed by hairdressers

Try it. See why hairdressers everywhere are prescribing **condition*** as the quickest, most effective way to correct the troubles that threaten hair beauty. They like to use it before or after a permanent wave, to avoid frizziness. Used while tinting, toning, lightening, **condition*** saves time. And what's more, it actually enhances the color of the hair. At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.

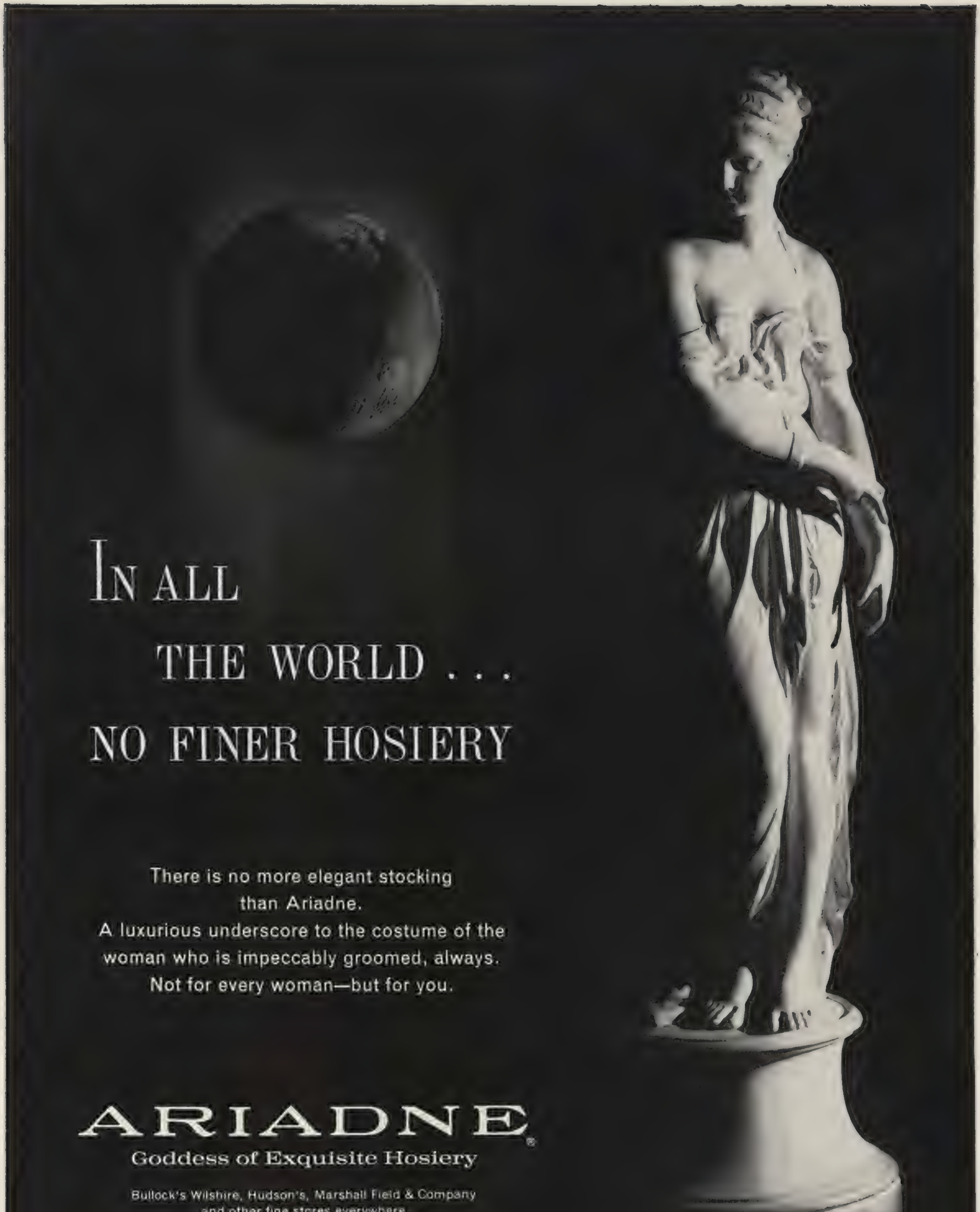


condition* is a Clairol trademark for this fabulous new creme formulated to meet the problems of *troubled hair* (our description for hair in need of reconditioning: dry, brittle, dull, limp, split at the ends, spongy, over-porous, over-permanented or sun-damaged).

condition*
by Clairol

©Clairol Inc. 1963

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES


In all
the world . . .
no finer hosiery
There is no more elegant stocking
than Ariadne.
A luxurious underscore to the costume of the
woman who is impeccably groomed, always.
Not for every woman—but for you.
ARIADNE®
Goddess of Exquisite Hosiery
Bullock's Wilshire, Hudson's, Marshall Field & Company
and other fine stores everywhere
by Ariadne Exclusives • 131 South Wabash Avenue • Chicago 3



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW...IT'S **Jacqueline**®

THE SHOE THAT TAKES CLOSE-UPS WITH COMPLETE APLOMB. NOTE ITS ELEGANT DETAIL...DRAMATIC OPEN SIDES...THE CONTRAST OF THE GLEAMING HALTER...WORTHY OF A DOUBLE TAKE. MOST STYLES **$13** TO **$15**. WOHL SHOE COMPANY/SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI/A Division of Brown Shoe Company

At LAMSON'S, Toledo; STREETS, Oklahoma City; LOVEMANS, Chattanooga; RICHARDS, Miami; and other leading stores.





Seymour Jacobson

MOHAIR GREATCOAT ENSEMBLED WITH
MATCHING ZEPHYR WOOL SHEATH.
CAMEL, RED AND TEAL
ABOUT TWO HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS
AT

B. Altman & Co.

IN VOGUE FOR MEN

Cologne on the Eastern track



Eau de Kananga, a men's cologne by Rigaud, whiffs of something pungent that just eludes definition. Investigation brings out the fact that most of its punch comes from the kananga tree, a hugely blossomed product of the Far East. Underneath that is a citrus undercurrent and mixed spices. It all adds up to a cologne that doubles as an after-shave lotion, has for a long time been used by whoever was closest to the bottle . . . men and women alike. At the turn of the century it came in the bottle above; now it's in a new, sleek black bottle, below, that costs $8.50 plus tax, for eight ounces. This month it will be joined by a soap, a light, slightly foaming bath oil, and four ounces of cologne in an aerosol spray. At Altman's.



The
EVANNA
Fashions
on the
facing page
may be found at the
following fine stores:

Allentown, Pa.	H. Leh
Altoona, Pa.	Bon-Ton
Asbury Park, N. J.	Steinback Co.
Augusta, Ga.	J. B. White
Baltimore, Md.	Stewart & Co.
Beaver Falls, Pa.	Benson's
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Loveman's
Cincinnati, Ohio	McAlpin Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The May Co.
Dayton, Ohio	The Rike-Kumler Co.
Durham, N. C.	Thalhimers-Ellis Stone
Elizabeth, N. J.	Levy Bros.
Fresno, Calif.	E. Gottschalk
Hartford, Conn.	Sage-Allen
Johnstown, Pa.	Penn Traffic
Lancaster, Pa.	Hager & Bros.
Lincoln, Nebr.	Gold & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Memphis, Tenn.	B. Lowenstein
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbel's
Nashville, Tenn.	The Harvey Co.
Norfolk, Va.	Rice's
Oak Ridge, Tenn.	Loveman's
Pasadena, Calif.	F. C. Nash
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbel's
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Roanoke, Va.	S. H. Heironimus Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	McCurdy & Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z.C.M.I.
San Francisco, Calif.	The Emporium
Santa Ana, Calif.	Bullock's
Scranton, Pa.	Cleland-Simpson
Seattle, Wash.	Rhodes
Skowhegan, Maine	Stern's
Springfield, Ohio	Edward Wren
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Paul, Minn.	The Emporium
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. E. Chappel
Union City, N. J.	A. Holthausen
Utica, N. Y.	Boston Store
Washington, D. C.	S. Kann
Waterbury, Conn.	Musler-Liebeskind
Wausau, Wisc.	Winkelman's
Wichita, Kans.	Buck's
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss-Hirshberg

or write to:

Evanna Fashions, Inc.
501 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York





It's fashion's new "city-wear with a country-look"...and Kodel keeps the fabrics looking fresh-pressed all day. Sheath dress in a soft, fine, solid-black crepe. Jacket in a green, red or grey plaid. The fabrics: "Dwoolins" by Guilford of wool and Kodel polyester. Sizes 12½-24½. About $35.* At Franklin Simon, New York, and all Franklin Simon stores. Other fine stores listed opposite. By **EVANNA FASHIONS**

*Slightly higher on West Coast.

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or dresses.



Begin with our rich, French-milled Soap, Bath Oil or Bubble Bath. Dip into warm, sunny dreams. Then Bath Powder (comes with a puff fit for a queen. You'll feel like one.). Next, Body Lotion and Spray Mist Cologne. Later—French Lilac Cologne and Spray Perfume. Sound good? Dew it. Suggested retail prices, $1.25 to $5.00. Some subject to Federal tax.



BY Wrisley FOR THE PRIVATE WORLD OF THE BATH

© 1963 Purex Corp., Ltd., Lakewood, Calif.



cisa (cheés-â) *n.* Italian: the most *favolosa* female designer extant! *adj.* the world's finest knitted fashions for the world's smartest women. Clothes by Cisa are available to the American market only via her man: Imports International Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York City. Shown: the mohair embrace, at America's poshest stores.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN ROME, ITALY, AT THE EXCELSIOR HOTEL, BY VANDA ROBERTS.

Fontana of Rome, one of the Continent's foremost fashion authorities, says, "American Tourister luggage makes a serene response to all travel needs, through exciting and original design." Fontana joins a world of fashion leaders in applauding American Tourister luggage. Light, strong, incredibly roomy, it has a scuff-resistant Permanite covering that bears the sternest travel knocks and the foam-rubber padded handles pamper your palm. American Tourister's exclusive and patented design features include stainless steel closures that seal out dust and damp, and trouble-proof swing action locks. See American Tourister luggage — choice of the great designers — at all fine luggage and department stores. In eight fashion colors, and twenty-two sizes for men and women, from $18.95.* Only American Tourister luggage is flight-tested by American Airlines.

AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

AMERICAN TOURISTER

*Plus tax. Slightly higher in the West. Write for name of nearest dealer. American Luggage Works, Inc., Warren 50, R. I.



It's more than a coat

It's an experience, every time you put it on. It's more than a coat that makes you feel this warm, this exhilarated, this secure. It's owning something precious and famous, a coat made of Cashmere Vicuna '400'. (85% Cashmere, 15% Vicuna). Unbelievable elegance, in a range of fourteen colors. It's more than a coat, when it's Country Tweeds. At the very finest stores. Country Tweeds, Inc., 250 West 39th Street, NYC.

SPONSORED JOINTLY WITH AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL NO. WJ 1563

Designed to be lived in

JANE IRWILL®



WOOL

Jane Irwill recommends **OKO** *cold water wash.*

Enjoy the natural wonders of Wool Knitted in America

"YOUNG INTELLECTUALS"...luxurious natural wool and mohair becomes Autumn's first knit fashion in a subtle tweed that speaks with authority in soft rich wool. Cardigan, about $15. Matching skirt, about $15 at fine stores everywhere.

(prices slightly higher in the west)

IRWILL KNITWEAR CORP., 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Verve: Winged panels to lift and slim you in a wisp of a Lycra® Power Net girdle that puts everything about you in its place $10.95. Brief $7.95. Pantie $12.50. Longleg $13.50. Verve Bra—of Lycra, Dacron® and silky-soft cotton—to sculpture you firmly, youthfully $3.95. In Parisian Pink and other matching Van Raalte lingerie colors. In the Foundation Department of fine stores.

Van Raalte

opens the door to a new world of nice things



Because you love nice things



Your eyes look younger in seconds!

Not tomorrow, not in an hour. Powers Crème de la Crème isn't wait-and-hope. It's *now!* With the tip of your finger gently stroke this white illusion make-up under your eyes and in seconds shadows and circles are invisible. Weariness has disappeared. Youth has reappeared. What does it matter if the years remain so long as they can't be seen? In the next few seconds you can bring your beauty out of the shadows. How? With **Powers Crème de la Crème.**

©JOHN ROBERT POWERS PRODUCTS CO., INC.

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES



Max Bogen

a fur design by Phyllis Rubin

FASHION FOCUS ON A GREAT FUR CLASSIC...**FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL**



MAX BOGEN & CO., 350 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y.



Double-breasted, raglan-sleeved camel whipcord jacket; gray chiffon flannel dress. Casual with esprit. Designed by Marie McCarthy. Bonwit Teller, New York Maison Blanche, New Orleans I. Magnin & Co., California

LARRY ALDRICH

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Plus ça change . . .

plus c'est la même chose. We are moved to make this somewhat vintage observation by the following advertisement from a South Carolina newspaper: "Just arrived, Mons. DE LA VOLATILE, he has brought over with him bosoms of the most lovely constructions, with other inviting prominencies after nature, by which additions elderly ladies may pass for belles of five and twenty. His artificial eyes are of a very beautiful assortment, brilliant black, languishing blue, and every other description, with or without eyebrows. He has a few sets of the right African ivory teeth, planted in rose coloured enamel, of so curious a make that ladies of the first rank may eat, drink, swear, lie and talk scandal without the least inconvenience. His white pastè and rouge for cheeks and enamel for lips are confessedly superior to the rose and lily of nature. A few sets of finger and toe nails either by parcel or separately." Mad Ave. at its maddest? Not on your languishing blue eyes. This seductive pitch appeared in the Charleston *City Gazette* on February 25th, 1790. And while we're not exactly blind to certain style changes in advertising prose—and hardly unaware of the revolutionary changes in beauty products themselves—what strikes us . . . fascinates us . . . is what's stayed the same. For instance . . .

"Artificial eyes"

We hesitate to guess the exact nature of Mons. de la Volatile's product, but we'll bet anything that what it was meant to accomplish was a ravishing eye. Took a bit of fakery then. Takes a bit of fakery now. Much better fakery is all: in 1963 one doesn't wish for eyelashes as silky as seal, as thick as mink. One simply buys—pre-cut and realistically jagged—lashes made of seal hairs, mink hairs, not to mention the plain old human kind. . . . Note, also, "languishing" is the 1790 word for beautiful eyes. We like it too. Like the alluring image it conjures up of a level gaze, cool, slumberous, sexy. Like, particularly, the fact that it's an image within the reach of any woman who's twigged the subtleties of twentieth-century eye make-up—the soft, painterly liners . . . the shadows in every form—stick, tube, dry powder, cream . . . and—a gimmick that Mons. de la Volatile would have sold his right African ivory teeth for—mascara and eyelash extender in a single, simple wand. . . .

"Teeth . . . in rose coloured enamel"

A pretty frame has always done entrancing things for a woman's smile—whitened it, lightened it. Everything. In 1790, though, things seem to have operated on the rather alarming theory of don't-raise-the-bridge-lower-the-water. Your own teeth will do very nicely, but do make liberal use of the prettiest frames in the world—lipstick in a warm, brownish red or a strong pink.

"White paste"

Still with us we're happy to say, but "highlighter" is the name it goes by now, and anything but pasty is its consistency. Up on the bone of the brow is where it adds lights; under the eyes is where it does a knockout job on shadows. (Speaking of which, if you're mad keen on fascinating contours, look into the new brown "shaders." Under the cheek is the place for these; the shadows they create there are just enough to raise the morale of almost any cheekbones around.)

"Rouge for cheeks"

We'd amend that, after nearly two centuries, to read "rouge for the whole face and into the neck." Point is, rouge in its present forms—cream, liquid, powder—is suddenly the great natural cosmetic, warm, real, soft. And how does it feel about its current fame? Why, it's blushing all over.

"Finger and toe nails by the parcel and separately"

Wanted in 1790, wanted in 1963, wanted—we predict—for decades to come. Though we seriously doubt that fake nails will ever be better than they are this minute: perfectly shaped, easily removable, and, like the home-grown variety, paintable with the polish of your choice—which will, if you're with it, be a lightish shade this year, or a muted iridescent.



Powdered Arpège

For after the bath. What goes on
after that is up to you.

COMPOUNDED IN THE U.S.A. PERFUME IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

Promise her anything but give her Arpège

THE AMUSING LOGISTICS OF A DOUBLE HILTON OPENING

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

At seven o'clock on a sunny Monday morning, New York's Waldorf-Astoria had the sense of a boat before sailing. Conrad Hilton had asked one hundred and one house guests (plus a six-months-old baby) to two Hilton openings—in London and Athens. Everything had been planned, even time out for hairdressers. This is how it went.

Meeting at the Waldorf, an American Hilton operation, we handed over passports, and our luggage was tagged with London Hilton room numbers. From then on we were free. Excess weight, custom formalities were not our problem. After breakfasting by candlelight, we drove to Idlewild in buses, and, following Mr. Hilton, streamed through the terminal to the chartered BOAC jet; there wasn't even time to pick up a morning paper. Even before take-off, champagne was served.

At the new London airport, a disappointing building, we climbed into chartered buses for the London Hilton. In the drizzly midnight, the hotel glowed like a lighted glass rocket, faintly peach-coloured. Inside, everything was light: pale lilacs from Holland; the doormen and grooms in fawn uniforms; beige marble walls, darker rosewood panelling; and the chandelier, an enormous glittery wreath the shade of burnt spun sugar. At the desk, each guest was handed a sealed envelope with a room key; upstairs, the rooms held luggage, guest lists, programs, flowers, and identification pins.

Using a new room in a new hotel, I had the sensation of being a guinea pig. The sheets of the marvellously comfortable six-foot, eight-inches-long bed crackled with newness. Although the white buttons for the radio and TV control were next to the bed, once in bed, I could not see the switch turn red. As there was no dressing table, I used the desk, an unsatisfactory compromise. A first for London was the ice-water tap in the bathroom. Before going to bed, I ordered breakfast, marked the menu for 9:00 A.M., and slipped it on the outside doorknob.

Next morning, pushing back the three layers of draperies, I saw London in the pouring rain. It is not true that the Hilton guests can see into Buckingham Palace—if I strained my neck like a goose, I could see a patch of green, the palace's private gardens. Londoners say that the Hilton spoils the skyline. Of two electric power stations that I could see from the nineteenth floor, one was the Battersea station, a big square structure with four enormous chimneys, all smoking violently, the other, a tall, round Italianate tower. It was a gas tank. The aluminum platter circled in trees was the Serpentine; the black pencil point—the Albert Memorial.

The four-day dry-run at the Hilton went off with practically no misses. Like athletes at the crack of a gun, we learned to leap like gazelles on and off the self-service elevators. Air conditioning was still in the tuning-up stage; I slept under a sheet. Maids' uniforms were charming—black-and-white-checked, orange aprons, velvet headbands à la Chanel. The Hospitality Desk in the lobby arranged for theatre tickets, cards to clubs, fashion shows. On hand to answer questions was a crew of well-briefed London models wearing navy-blue shifts designed by Hardy Amies. The beauty salon was a tangle of women, but I managed a manicure.

We visited all the restaurants and bars, beginning in the Roof Restaurant—all windowed and candlelighted with a 360° view. Viewed from the twenty-eighth floor, even Piccadilly Circus and The Strand, London's Broadway, looked candlelit to American eyes. Extras that night: a superb dance by Ray Bolger, singing by Jane Morgan. The next day at the official opening, a ribbon was cut and Grenadier Guards played a fanfare. Later the British guests, dignitaries, financiers, and the overseas

(Continued on page 112)



EIKONES

At the Athens Hilton, left, Princess Radziwill and Mr. Aristotle Onassis.

Below, the former Prime Minister, Mr. Constantine Karamanlis with Professor Stratis Andreadis.





Left, Mrs. Karamanlis and the American Ambassador, Mr. Henry R. Labouisse.

The Petite Lady dress on the facing page can be found at these fine stores and their branches.

ARKANSAS
Little Rock ..... Pfeifer's of Arkansas

CALIFORNIA
Sacramento ..... Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
San Francisco ..... City of Paris

COLORADO
Denver ..... The Denver Dry Goods Co.

CONNECTICUT
Hartford ..... G. Fox & Co., Inc.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Daytona Beach ..... Ivey's of Daytona Beach
Jacksonville ..... Ivey's of Jacksonville
Orlando ..... Ivey's of Orlando

GEORGIA
Rome ..... Miller Bros.

ILLINOIS
Chicago ..... Chas. A. Stevens & Co.

INDIANA
Indianapolis ..... H. P. Wasson & Company
South Bend ..... George Wyman & Company

IOWA
Cedar Rapids ..... The Killian Company

LOUISIANA
New Orleans ..... D. H. Holmes Company, Ltd.

MARYLAND
Baltimore ..... Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston ..... R. H. Stearns Company

MICHIGAN
Grand Rapids ..... Paul Steketee & Sons Co.

MISSOURI
Kansas City ..... Emery, Bird, Thayer
St. Joseph ..... Townsend & Wall Company
St. Louis ..... Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.

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Omaha ..... J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Inc.

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia ..... John Wanamaker

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Albany ..... John G. Myers Co., Inc.
Poughkeepsie ..... Luckey Platt & Co.
Rochester ..... McCurdy & Company, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville ..... Ivey's of Asheville
Charlotte ..... J. B. Ivey & Company
Raleigh ..... Ivey's of Raleigh

OHIO
Cleveland ..... The Halle Bros. Co.

OKLAHOMA
Tulsa ..... Brown Dunkin Co.

RHODE ISLAND
Providence ..... Gladdings Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Greenville ..... Ivey's of Greenville

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga ..... Miller Brothers Company
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TEXAS
Tyler ..... Mayer & Schmidt

UTAH
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It's the most female fabric imaginable. Silky smooth to the touch. And when you move, it skims along with you. No wonder this crepe is unique: it's made with Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber! Ensemble by Petite Lady of Hargro's rayon and acetate crepe. (The bodice of the dress is lace.) Black, blue, or willow green. 12½-22½. About $30* at G. Fox & Co., Hartford; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chi.; John Wanamaker, Phila. & branches; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington. Additional stores on opposite page.

*Slightly higher west of Rockies. Celanese®

Acetate...a Celanese contemporary fiber

SEE THE NEW

Ship'n Shores

(shown in color on the back cover)

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Wilmington; *Kennard's*
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Augusta; *Chernowsky's*
Bangor; *Freese's*
Bangor; *Rines Co.*
Bangor; *Sleeper's*
Biddeford; *Butler's Store*
Biddeford; *Matson's*
Brunswick; *W. F. Senter*
Farmington; *E. K. Day*
Lewiston; *B. Peck*
Lewiston; *Ward Bros.*
Old Town; *H. M. Goldsmith*
Portland; *Owen Moore*
Portland; *J. E. Palmer*
Portland; *Porteous, Mitchell & Braun*
Portland; *Rines Bros.*
Presque Isle; *H. J. Weinberg*
Waterville; *Butler's Store*
Waterville; *Sterns Store*
Westbrook; *Parker's Dress Shop*

MASSACHUSETTS
Attleboro; *London's*
Attleboro; *Milady's Shop*
Boston; *Conrad & Chandler & branches*
Boston; *Wm. Filene's*
Boston; *Gilchrist & branches*
Boston; *Jordan Marsh & branches*
Brockton; *Edgar's*
Chicopee; *Ferris*
Dedham; *Geishecker's*
Fall River; *R. A. McWhirr*
Framingham; *New York Store*
Gardner; *Rose's Clothing*
Gloucester; *Wm. G. Brown*
Greenfield; *Wilson's*
Haverhill; *Mitchell & Co.*
Holyoke; *Steiger's*
Jamaica Plain; *Wayne Store*
Lawrence, Fall River, Lowell; *Cherry & Webb*
Lee; *Towne Shoppe*
Leominster, Fitchburg; *Wm. A. Allen*
Lowell; *The Bon Marche*
Lynn; *Burrows & Sanborn*
Lynn; *T. W. Rogers*
Malden; *Boston Leader*
Mattapan; *Murray's Store*
Milford, Whitinsville; *Louis Fashion Shop*
New Bedford; *Cherry & Webb*
New Bedford; *Star Store*
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Newton Center; *Greenfield's*
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Plymouth, Nantucket, Cape Cod; *Buttner's*
Quincy; *Remick's*
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Salem, Beverly; *Webber's*
Saugus; *Hoffman's*
So. Boston; *Tuck's Store*
Southbridge; *Edward's Corp.*
Springfield; *Blake's Stores*
Springfield; *Forbes & Wallace*
Springfield, Long Meadow; *Steiger's*
Walpole; *C. E. Holt*
Waltham; *Grover Cronin*
Waltham; *Parke Snow & branches*
Westfield; *Brundage's*
Whitman; *Sally Dress Shop*
Whitman; *Spinning Wheel*
Worcester; *Barnard, Sumner & Putnam*
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Tucked dress shirts, softly colored or scattered with flowers: 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton. Sizes 28 to 38...$5.

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Woodsville; *Hovey's Shops*

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Bergenfield; *Florence Shop*
Elizabeth, Plainfield; *R. J. Georke*
Elizabeth, Clifton; *Levy Bros.*
Morristown; *M. Epstein*
Newark; *Bamberger's & branches*
Newark, Summit, East Orange; *Kresge-Newark*
Passaic; *The Fair*
Passaic; *Nadler's*
Paterson; *Meyer Bros.*
Perth Amboy; *Paramount Shop*
Rahway; *Pachman's*
Ramsey; *Lorene Scala*
Trenton; *Nevius-Voorhees*
Union City; *A. Holthausen*
West New York; *Lily Shoppe*
Westfield; *Milady Shop*

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Albany; *John G. Myers*
Albany; *Wm. Whitney*
Auburn; *Wm. B. Hislop*
Auburn; *Kalet's*
Batavia; *C. L. Carr*
Binghamton; *Fowler, Dick & Walker*
Binghamton; *McLean's & branches*
Buffalo; *Adam, Meldrum & Anderson & branches*
Buffalo; *W. Hengerer & branches*
Buffalo; *Hens & Kelly & branches*
Catskill; *Smart Shop*
East Rochester; *Saxton's Store*
Endicott; *Burt's*
Farmingdale; *Seaford Store*
Forest Hills; *Jayson's*
Hauppauge; *Seaford Store*
Haverstraw, New City; *Lichter's*
Herkimer; *Munger's—Genung's*
Jamaica; *B. Gertz*
Jamestown; *Bigelow's*
Latham; *The Boston Store*
Levittown; *Tami Reid & branches*
Long Island, Brooklyn; *Glenda Lyn*
Manhasset; *Jaffe's Store*
Middletown; *Tompkins Dry Gds*
Newburgh; *Fish-Freinhar*
Newburgh; *Israel's*
New York; *Arnold Constable & branches*
New York; *Empress Sportswear*
New York; *Fuhrman's*
New York; *Gimbels & branches*
New York; *Paramount Shop*
New York; *Saks-34th & branches*
Oneonta; *Oneonta Dept. Store*
Peekskill; *Rudolph's*
Portchester; *Kaplans Store*
Poughkeepsie; *Wallace Co.*
Rochester; *McCurdy's & branches*
Rockville Centre; *Bob Hopkins*
Rome; *Kanoff's*
Schenectady; *Carl Co.*
Schenectady; *Wallace Co.*
Seaford; *Seaford Dept. Store*
Suffern; *The Globe*
Syracuse; *C. E. Chappell & branches*
Syracuse; *Dey Bros.*
Utica; *Boston Store*
Watertown; *The Globe Store*
Westchester; *Genung's, all Stores*
Yonkers; *Mimi-Yonkers*

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Altoona; *Kaufman's*
Bethlehem; *Orr's*
Bloomsburg; *Racusin's & branches*
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Bradford; *Olsen's*
Butler; *A. E. Troutman*
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Charleroi; *Miller's Fashion*
Chester; *Speare Bros.*
Clearfield; *Leitzinger Bros.*
Connellsville; *A. E. Troutman*
Donora; *William's & branches*
Easton; *Orr's*
Easton; *H. B. Sigal*
Ebensburg; *Shadden's*
Edwardsville; *Youth Center*
Erie; *Boston Store*
Erie; *Kline's*
Greensburg; *Royer's*
Greensburg; *A. E. Troutman*
Harrisburg; *Bowman's & branches*
Harrisburg; *Feller's*
Hazleton; *Dotte's*
Homestead; *Hyman's*
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Indiana; *A. E. Troutman*
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Johnstown; *De Roy's*
Johnstown; *Glosser Bros.*
Johnstown; *Penn Traffic*
Johnstown; *Town & Country*
Lancaster; *Garvin's*
Lancaster; *Hager's*
Lancaster; *Watt & Shand*
Latrobe; *Hollywood Shop*
Latrobe; *A. E. Troutman*
Levittown; *Pomeroy's*
Lewistown; *Danks & branches*
Lewistown; *McMeens Store*
Lock Haven; *Luria's*
McKeesport; *Cox's & branches*
McKeesport; *Immel's*
Meadville; *Crawford Store*
Mt. Union; *Dave Saxe*
New Castle; *New Castle Dry Goods*
Philadelphia; *Allen's*
Philadelphia; *B. F. Dewees*
Philadelphia; *Gimbels & branches*
Philadelphia; *C. A. Rowell*
Philadelphia; *Strawbridge & Clothier*
Philadelphia; *Wanamaker's*
Pittsburgh; *Gimbels & branches*
Pittsburgh; *Joseph Horne & branches*
Pittsburgh; *Kaufmann's*
Pittsburgh; *Stephen-Richard*
Pottstown; *New York Store*
Quakertown; *Weiss Store*
Reading; *Feel-Fine Shops*
Reading; *Pomeroy's*
Reading; *C. K. Whitner*
Scranton; *Scranton Dry Goods*
Sharon; *Sharon Store*
Sharon; *Whitmer-Smith's*
State College; *Danks & branches*
Uniontown; *Kaufman's*
Uniontown; *Metzler's*
Warren; *Miller Shop*
Washington; *Lang's*
Waynesburg; *Rapport's*
Wilkes-Barre; *Fowler-Dick-Walker*
York, Hanover; *Bon Ton Store*

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Providence; *Gladding's & branches*
Providence; *Outlet Co.*
Providence; *Shepard Co.*
Westerly; *Dowers*
West Warwick; *Maxine*
Woonsocket; *McCarthy's*

VERMONT
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Brattleboro; *J. E. Mann*
Burlington; *Abernethy's*
Burlington; *Magram's Fashion*
St. Johnsbury; *Hovey's*

SHIFT-SEASON JUMPER

Lean, lanky jumper, shift-shaped for ranginess, neither fitted nor fitless, over an autumn-blond shirt. The jumper, autumn-oak brown, has two parenthetically curving zippers hidden in welted seams, a V neck, shoulder-capping sleeves. The crêpe shirt has twin-buttoned, broad cuffs. Textured stockings are a natural here, and suède ghillies—and a brisk September walk in the city, or on country paths wet with rain, is the pleasant kind of life we'd plan for it. Dress by De De Johnson; the jumper of double-knitted cotton suède cloth (Wm. Winkler fabric), Talon Zephyr zippers. About $100. At Best & Co.; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's, Pasadena. Gloves by Grandoe.



CHARLES FITZPATRICK



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With a lavishness never before experienced in hair preparations, Estée Lauder blends her hauntingly beautiful Youth-Dew fragrance into a new trio of Cosmetics for the Hair...Shampoo for soft, manageable, clean hair...Hair Set Lotion for easy and quick setting...and a beautiful Spray to hold and perfume your hair at the same time.

Estée Lauder



DOUBLE HILTON OPENING

(Continued from page 108)

guests moved in to the Ballroom for the Inaugural luncheon. Graceful short speeches, good food and service.

On the day of the Charity Ball for the benefit of UNICEF, our program included a note about valet service and hairdressers. That gala was like a Captain's Dinner: favours, confetti, a barrage of balloons. The sizzling songs of Nana Mouskouri, a young Greek girl who sings in a black day dress and horn-rimmed glasses, created a furor. The Master of Ceremonies was the distinguished British actor, Robert Morley, who, with astringent wit, made scalding remarks about the Hilton.

Tea was served in the patio, a garden room with shrubbery and a crazy pavement rug designed by Dorothy Liebes. For drinks, the men chose the Victorian pub atmosphere of St. George's Bar, a dark leathery room with ceiling lights the size of tennis balls; women preferred the shadowy midnight-blue velvet setting of the International Bar. The International Restaurant on the second floor overlooked Hyde Park Corner. Like stage scenery, the restaurant's décor could be shifted to match the cuisine. During our visit, everything was Latin American. At street level was the Tavern, a clubby Englishy grill with brick walls. Downstairs, Trader Vic's felt like home.

On my breakfast tray the last day, next to the daffodils, I found two presents—a handsome black-and-white wool square and a brooch, both designed to incorporate the London Hilton monogram.

The transfer from London to the Athens Hilton went like a breeze. Instinctively we checked at the desk for a bill—there was none. We boarded the chartered BEA turbo-jet in a lashing rain, and flew in clouds most of the way. Suddenly, we saw the bottle-blue Phaleron Bay, the toasted Greek earth, the runway. The first man on the plane was the first man off: Mr. Hilton, his face crinkled with delight, his clothes unwrinkled. Cameras went into action; costumed girls presented flowers; Greek officials and Hilton directors formed a football huddle around him. Riding a limousine, he led the fleet of buses into Athens in the still bright light of a spring Saturday night. Along the seashore boulevard, people watched our parade from crowded cafés. Before we had even refocused, we pulled up in front of the startling marble curve of the Athens Hilton.



Above, Mr. Conrad N. Hilton, with Mrs. Labouisse.



Above, Mrs. Emmanuel Vourekas, wife of a noted Greek architect, dancing with Mr. John Serpieri, Court Chamberlain.



Right, Mr. John Aileanos with Mrs. Xenophon Zolotas, wife of the Governor of the Bank of Greece.

Gingerly, as if across a frozen pond, we entered the beige marble lobby, a cool arena stretching on and down in split-levels. Upstairs waited my bags and presents: flowers, fruit, honey, pistachio nuts, *ouzo* (the local gin-white apéritif), Greek cigarettes, a gold owl pin in a cranberry velvet case, and the glorious view of the Acropolis.

Almost without qualms, I turned my back on the Parthenon; buses were leaving for the Acropolis "Sound and Light" spectacle. We stopped for drinks at the new tourist pavilion, Dionysos, an attractive restaurant with a wide-angle view of the great monument. Then, we had a ten-minute sampling of "Sound and Light"; time to see the Propylaea turn fiery red, recalling the Persian pillaging; the solo appearance of the Temple of Victory in bluish lights.

Returning to the Hilton, we whisked to the Galaxy, the spectacular, glassy, dimly-lit roof-restaurant opening on broad marble terraces. Dining and dancing, we splurged on views.

Next morning, I could see the Parthenon, even with my head on the pillow. My room was big and beige, the shade of Athens earth. A sliding glass door opened onto a white marble balcony, as private as a honeycomb. Convenient: five closets, light switches visible in the dark, bedside radio control, English news broadcasts, the direct telephone dials marked both in English and Greek. In the marble bathroom, the grey of grey flannel, an ice-water tap. Operators answered in English; all the staff spoke Greek, plus either English, French, German, Arabic, or Italian; the concierge spoke all six.

Breakfast, five minutes after ordering, arrived cheerful with wild flowers; eggs sizzled on a heated Swiss platter, and a pale-blue sticker on the local English-language daily read "With the compliments of the Commercial Bank of Greece and Ionian and Popular Bank of Greece." Behind this morning greeting from high banking circles was Professor Stratis Andreadis, Presi-

(Continued on page 134)



The Macshore Classics® blouse of Arnel® triacetate/Fortrel® polyester shown on the facing page is available at these fine stores:

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OKLAHOMA
Kerr's ..... Oklahoma City
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Snyder's ..... Austin
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MACSHORE CLASSICS®

The Art-for-Beauty's Sake Blouse, in creamy-soft crepe of Arnel® triacetate/Fortrel® polyester. About $8.

ARNEL This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance standards set by Celanese®



I took this tartan to London

(Arnel took care of me)

I wore it to the palace. I wore it in the fog. Its classic cardigan jacket and straight skirt stayed fresh and wrinkle free. Not even the dampest day could sadden my tartan plaid. Here's the reason: Arnel in a worsted type crepe. Gentle to the skin. By Nelly Don of Cohama's Arnel triacetate and Avron rayon. Green, brown, blue. 8-18. About $23 at Burger-Phillips, Birmingham; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D. C.; May Co., Cleveland & branches.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



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Wipes clean as new with water! Get patent-look "Stovepipe" in red, black or white. Narrow and Medium widths, warmly lined. And while you're at it, see the whole great line of good-looking boots that really stand up to the weather...ask for U.S. Eskiloos.

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The black pouf hooded blouse and skirt with cavalry twill coat by Tiffeau-Busch.



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PETER MAICAS



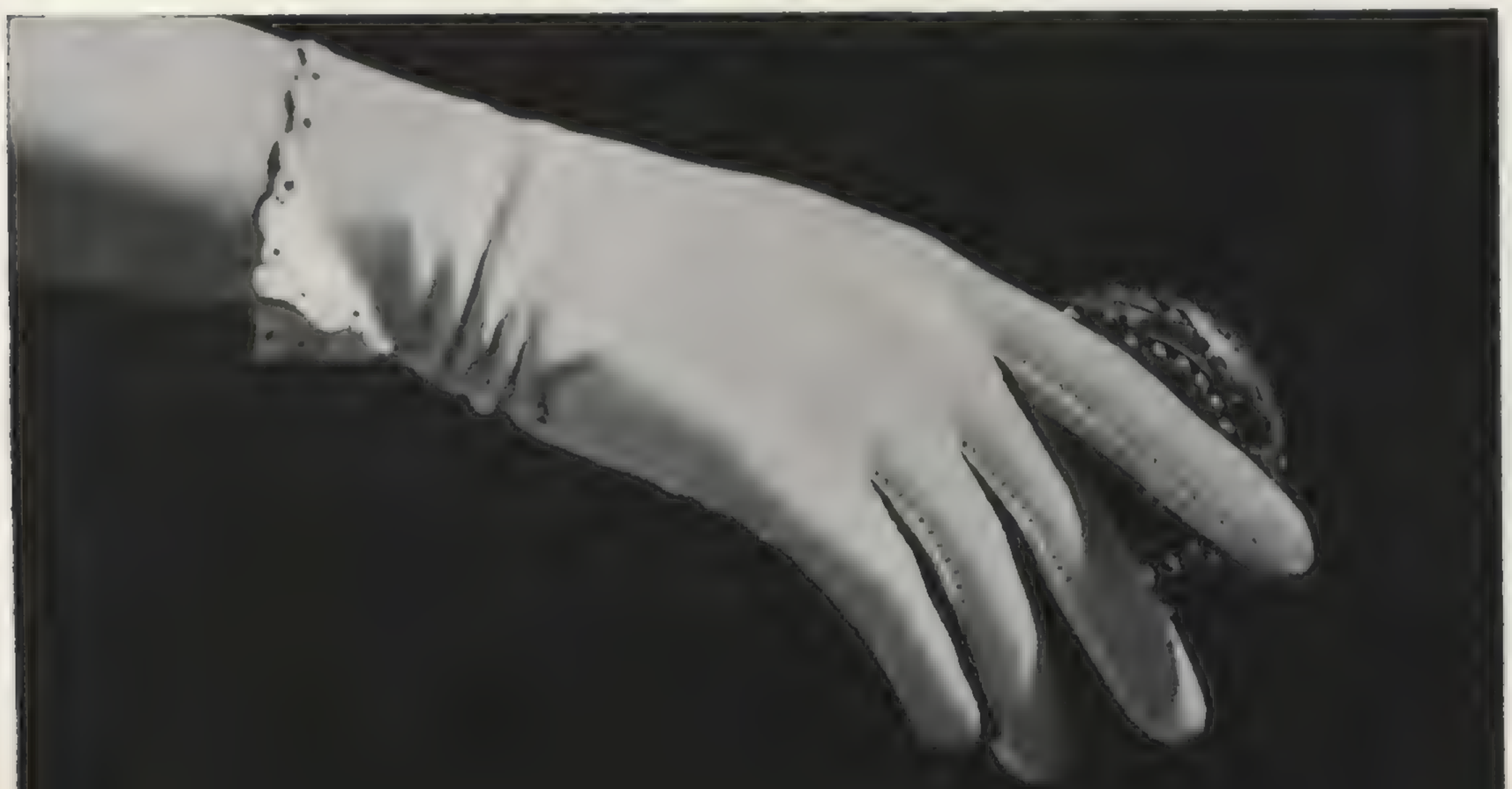


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MAGIC WORD GAME

BY NOEL PERRIN

One of my constant preoccupations as a youth in high school was wondering how the French decided to assign sex to words. It was a marvel to me how, when the vacuum cleaner was invented, they could simply look at it and know it was *l'aspirateur*, masculine, but when the icebox came along, one glance at its girlish bulk revealed it as *la glacière*, feminine. *Vive la différence*, I said happily—but then I began wondering why it wasn't *le différence*.

When I reached college, all that speculation fell away to nothing. It turned out the French language gives a word its sex on rigidly mechanical principles. A vacuum cleaner gets its masculinity not because it goes around raping rugs, but simply because its name ends in *-eur*, and the femaleness of an icebox has nothing to do with breeding ice cubes, but only with the terminal *e*. And then I found, cooling my hot interest still further, that sex doesn't apply to French at all, but only a pedantic something called grammatical gender. That's true of all languages which officially sort their words into males and females.

It is not, however, true of English, which doesn't officially sort its words into anything. (As far as grammar goes, they're all one indistinguishable neuter.) Sex does apply to English. Lacking gender, the language has been free to make maleness and femaleness in its words count for something, and it has succeeded brilliantly. In recent years, my early disappointment over French quite forgiven, I've been meditating about sex in English. I've made a couple of rather startling discoveries.

To begin with, it turns out that living creatures are practically all male for us, and machines practically all female. This can not be learned from dictionaries. One doesn't find "catfish, *masc.*," or "building hoist, *fem.*," in *Webster*. But other methods exist. One can read sporting fiction, and in it one will find every catfish referred to as "he," along with all the trout and bass. One can walk by any building site and hear the man at the bottom of the hoist shouting, "Okay, Joe, let 'er down easy."

All ships are female, as any steamship company ad will reveal. ("She's so utterly *different*," begins an ad for the S.S. "France." "She's a 20,000-ton beauty," says the Grace Line about a ship it just built.) All trains are female, too, along with a good many machine tools, such as lathes. ("She'll grind to a tolerance of two ten-thousandths.") Snakes, on the other hand, are strictly male. I cite the original one in Eden, Emily Dickinson's narrow fellow in the grass, the Midgard serpent, those caught by small boys. ("Let him go, Son. He's just a garter snake.") The same invisible masculine applies to every form of insect life except the ladybug and a few spiders. Even a mosquito seems male to the ignorant, as do queen bees. (Virgil called them king bees. So did Shakespeare.) The very bacteria in drops of water seem male. The first man ever to see one reported triumphantly that what he saw was so tiny that "I can't make out his shape. But he is alive!" At least that's how the report appears in English, which is what matters. Unicorns belong to the male sex, so do dragons, so does the phoenix. Even creatures which in their mere private lives are irrevocably and publicly female have, in English, a kind of aura of the masculine gender clinging to them. There's a scene in *Huckleberry Finn* laid in the main street of a small town in Arkansas. This thoroughfare is much used by hogs. "You'd see a muddy sow and a litter of pigs come lazying down the street and whollop herself right down in the way, where folks had to walk around her, and she'd stretch out and shut her eyes and wave her ears whilst the pigs was milking her, and look as happy as if she was on salary. And pretty soon you'd hear a loafer sing out, 'Hi! *so* boy! sick him, Tige!' and away the sow would go, squealing most horrible."

That male sow would be kept out of the road these days by the female automobiles whizzing by. All automobiles *are*, as William Faulkner once pointed out at great length. It's true they can lapse into neuter when in disfavour, as when someone pulls his Cadillac onto the grass and reports sadly, "It's got a flat tire." But restore them to grace, and their femaleness returns. "Isn't she a honey?" men say to praise a new convertible in a showroom, its white-walls plump and firm. "What can she do in second?" teen-agers ask each other about their jaloppies. "Fill her up," people tell attendants in gas stations, pulling up by the pumps. A few people, a very few, may say, "Fill it up." No one says, "Fill him up."

Firearms are remarkably girlish, too. They always have been. The most famous cannon ever built in Scotland was named Margaret. The ordinary military weapon of the present may lack a name, but it still has plenty of gender. "She can put out six hundred rounds a minute," an infantryman told me not five years ago, patting his thirty-calibre machine gun.

So far I've just been warming up. We do have a few feminine endings in English, all for living creatures, and it is in their environs that word-sex gets most vibrant and interesting. For example, there's *-ette*. I can think of four words ending in *-ette* which specifically confer feminine status. I have myself known a good many coquettes and one suffragette; I've often watched

(Continued on page 126)





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(Continued from page 124)

drum majorettes; and probably I've been taken to my seat in a theatre at least once by an usherette.

But to confer femaleness is by no means *-ette*'s only duty. A luncheonette is not so much a place where you get a ladies' lunch as where you get a cheap one. A statuette needn't be maidenly, just undersized. Worse yet, there is also, says *Webster*, "a commercial use of *-ette* to form names of imitation or substitutive material." The question is whether "plushette" and "leatherette" carry faint overtones of femininity, or whether "suffragette" and "drum majorette" carry faint overtones of imitativeness and substitution. Certainly girls named Georgette, like those named Edwina and Charlene, are believed to owe their misfortune to the fact that their parents regarded *them* as substitutes.

Then there's *-trix*, which isn't really English at all, but law Latin. Latin has lots of grammatical gender, and makes easy, rather pointless distinctions between male executor and female executrix, male director and female directrix. But the only foray *-trix* ever made into real English was in the early days of flying, when it dashed in to coin "aviatrix," and that excursion was brief. Most aviatrices are girl pilots now. When the last one has abandoned her *-trix*, there'll be nothing left but the name Trixie (from Beatrix); and that being a dog's name it naturally has, even though reserved for female dogs, masculine echoes.

But the main feminine ending in modern English is *-ess*, as in "heiress" or "adventuress." This is the result of a sex battle going back some centuries. The true historical English feminine ending is *-ster*, but along in the fifteenth century men coolly took it over to form words like "teamster" and "huckster," leaving women only the one rather insulting term "spinster." Later, to rub salt in, they de-sexed *-ster* altogether, so that a youngster can be any child or adolescent at all; and if a roadster is feminine, it's because it's a machine, not because of the *-ster*.

Women were then forced to borrow *-ess* from French (where, of course, it's a mere piece of grammar), and to this day they haven't felt comfortable with it. If "spinster" is mildly insulting, most feminines in *-ess* are a downright reproach. A female poet minds being called a poetess almost as much as she minds being called a female poet. She wants to be just plain poet, *masc.* Female custodians of buildings feel the same way about "janitress."

A few rank words, such as "princess" and "abbess" escape this odium, and so do a few rôle words, such as "waitress" and "actress." But the number is shrinking. No woman at the head of a city government much cares these days to be called a mayoress. I've never heard of one of our lady diplomats insisting on being announced as the American ambassadress. "Jewess" and "Negress" have become direct prejudice words. "Czechess" and "Englishess" would be, too, if they existed. In fact, *-ess* is now nearly impossible to use favourably. If you call the majority leader of the Senate a giant among men, you've paid him a really nice compliment; but try calling the president of the D.A.R. a giantess among women, and all you've done is to cast a slur on her physique. The very animals somehow sense this difference. I can think of only three that consent to have their femininity singled out with an *-ess*: the lioness, the tigress, and (a little forced already) the pantheress. Even the rest of the female cats prefer male terminology. A jaguaress would be laughed out of the zoo.

What is happening as *-ette*, *-trix*, and *-ess* slowly lose ground is the most vibrant and interesting of all. The world of machinery can be dismissed. It will stay mildly feminine, along with most other man-made things, such as colleges, cities, and the American flag. Living creatures, however, are getting maler than ever. If janitor, *masc.*, is the norm, and there are no janitresses, then a girl janitor becomes an aberration. If "duck" as well as "drake" means a male duck (it used not to), and no compensating duckettes appear, then you have to say something like "mother duck" to achieve a feminine. That leaves unmarried female career ducks in a bad fix. Woman doctors, girl detectives, and lady wrestlers are already in that fix. Each represents not a category—doctors, detectives, and wrestlers are that—but a special case.

In the end, some women will enter the tiny enclave still kept for words whose invisible gender is feminine. *Nurse* (masculine form, *male nurse*—which fact by itself keeps a great many men from becoming nurses) is such a word, and there are a few others, like *receptionist* and *model*. Some women may, of course, become machines. A great many, though, seem likely to accept and even to seek out their rôle as semi-neuter special cases. The sort of disaster I have in mind is the increasing frequency with which employment agencies use a term like *gal Friday*. "Gal" is itself a de-sexing of "girl," presumably as a reminder that the norm—what one ought to be—is a man Friday. He is the original, and gal Fridays are the deviants. But it's the rôle all of them play that really signifies. Fridays are remarkably humble creatures. Daniel Defoe described the job interview of the original one in terms that make this plain. Defoe spoke, naturally, from the point of view of the prospective employer, sizing the Friday up. The Friday has been approaching his future boss, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps to show his respect. "At length," Defoe says, "he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head."

Speaking for myself, I'd rather be an assistantess or an aidette or even a Buick first.

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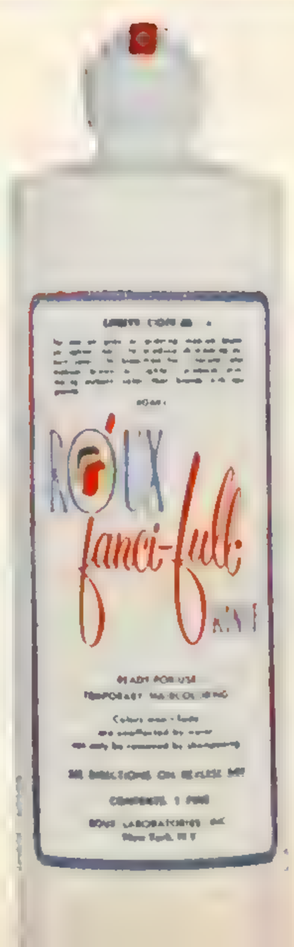
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Moss-green lizard pumps, below, with all the soft
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vamp. Marvellous with, say, peat-green tweeds.
Vapor-green seamless stockings by Bur-Mil Cameo,
at Bloomingdale's. Shoes by Customcraft, of
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NEW HAMPSHIRE:

A Late-Summering Guide

Along New Hampshire's short span of sea, turn-of-the-century houses sprawl above blue-black rocks, gulls swoop down, and the broad beaches seem as coolly lighted as Boudin canvases. . . . Driving inland, one sees masses of daisies, buttercups, and lavender weeds, afloat in tall grass; maples and, always, the big pines, their fresh shoots the green of cucumbers.

In the seaport town of *Portsmouth*, the news is the Strawbery Banke project, the restoration of some lovely colonial buildings along the cobbled streets. . . . On *Newcastle Island*, a causeway away from Portsmouth, stands Wentworth-by-the-Sea, an old-fashioned hotel which looks rather like a beached Cunard "Queen." On the waterfront: skin diving, water-skiing, a heated pool. A single room with meals, $18 to $20.

To cruise *Lake Winnipesaukee* is to pass hundreds of islands, tufts of green in water the colour of bluing. Take-off point might be the Bald Peak Colony Club (mail goes to *Melvin Village, New Hampshire*), six-hundred-and-eighty acres of pines, golf greens, salt-white beach. Bald Peak has both cottages and a white clapboard main house; pleasantries include long verandas with cerise-cushioned white wicker chairs, big tubs of geraniums, fat bouquets of roses and sweet peas in the guest rooms. Double rooms run $39 to $52 a day for two; cottages for four, $94 and $104 a day. All rates cover quite good meals (the chef is Italian) in the pale-green dining room.

For Capital-S Scenery, nothing much outdoes *Franconia Notch*, that ten-mile slash through the granite White Mountains. As further inducement to see it, there is in the town of *Franconia* an enchanting small red inn, the antithesis of a Grand Hotel, called The Hillwinds. Once a mill, Hillwinds stands at the end of a dirt lane, overlooks a brook, and has just six guest rooms. The owner's wife cooks (very well indeed) and the owner, at unpredictable hours from cocktails on, plays schmaltzy music on a big fruitwood piano. A double room for two, $24 with breakfast and dinner. Open summer and winter seasons.

Another place in Franconia: Mittersill Inn, with a new pool and a new wing called the Gasthof, its windows rimmed with crimson petunias. In the Inn, a double room costs $18 to $22, no meals; in one of the chalets around the Inn, the same arrangement is $25 to $34.

One of the draws in *Whitefield*, a town centred by a leafy square with an octagonal green-and-white music pavilion (auctions held there on weekends), is the old Chase Barn Playhouse, founded by the late Will Chase, once music editor of *The New York Times*. (His niece, Lucy Chase Sparks, now runs it.) The dark rough walls of the Playhouse are brilliant with old posters—Yehudi Menuhin as a prodigy, Lily Pons by Vertès, Gladys Swarthout by James Montgomery Flagg; the audience sits on threadbare red-faille seats with blue-and-white ticking antimacassars.

A well-mannered but unstuffy place to stay in Whitefield is the Mountain View House, run for years by the Dodge family. Although Mountain View is the kind of place which has mostly repeaters as guests, there is something new this season: a swimming pool with a pretty slate-floored bar and two windbreaks—one glass, the other a line of pines as even as wrought-iron spikes. A sunny, flowery room for two, with meals (breakfast and a buffet luncheon are served at the pool), $34 to $50.

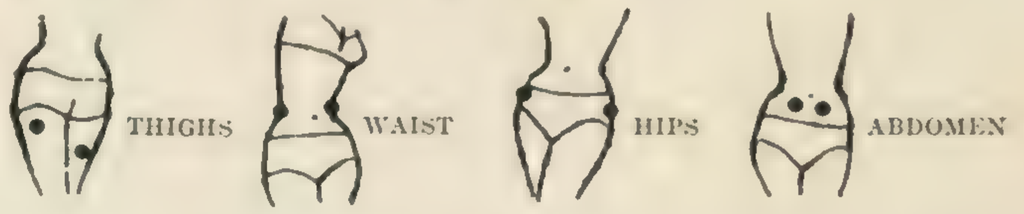
Note: In *Lisbon, New Hampshire*, in a rambling clapboard house at the top of a steep driveway, Paul Rothenburger carries on an immense business, mostly by mail, in second-hand books. The place is called The Old Trading Post; the big run now is on those miniature books for children.

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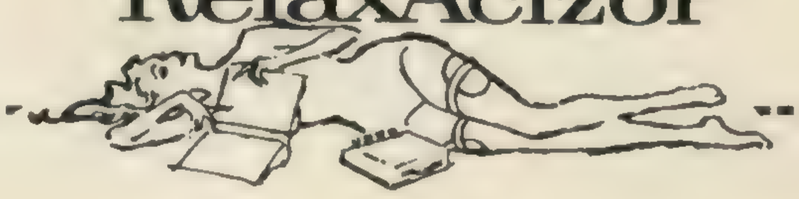
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DOUBLE HILTON OPENING

(Continued from page 112)

dent of Ioniki Enterprises, who had financed the fourteen-million-dollar Athens Hilton, and who is President of these banks as well as a dozen other operations. (Brimming with ideas, Andreadis ran a fleet of "banks on wheels," buses arranged inside like baby banks, to villages on the mainland as well as on the Greek islands.)

In Greece, where arguments count as a sport, some Athenians, of course, criticized the *thoroughly* air-conditioned Hilton; it spoiled the skyline, blocked the view from the Acropolis; even its view of the Parthenon was the wrong angle. Still, Greeks arrived in droves, consumed with curiosity.

The team of architects—American and Greek—had focused on space, marble, deep comfort. Quoting a guest: "Wall-to-wall marble." It reminded me of a luxe resort hotel, with its marble pool framed in more marble, a string of cabañas, a snack bar. In the shops around glassed patios resembling stoas, one could find everything from drugs to Jean Dessès ready-to-wear. The Commercial Bank's office in the lobby keeps open twenty-four hours.

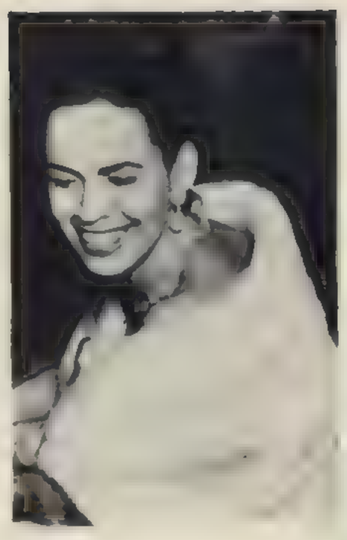
For tea, we and five hundred Athenians saw the Jean Dessès clothes modelled by slick Paris mannequins—both flown in for the opening. That evening, we partied all over the hotel, beginning with drinks in the Pan Bar, all Greek woolly rugs and a walnut carved screen. Downstairs at Ta Nissia, we feasted on succulent Greek dishes. Although the hotel calls Ta Nissia a *taverna*, it is actually a marvellous restaurant in a country setting.

For nightcaps and fiery Greek dances by Dora Stratou's crack troupe, we moved into the Athénée Club, shaped like a lavish amphitheatre under a night-purple velvet ceiling dripping with chandeliers. A glorious rain of fireworks—safely outside—rang down the curtain. Very late, for hot milk, we dropped by the Byzantine Café, an opulent all-day-all-night cafeteria with a chocolate-brown marble floor and gardenia bushes in fat marble tubs.

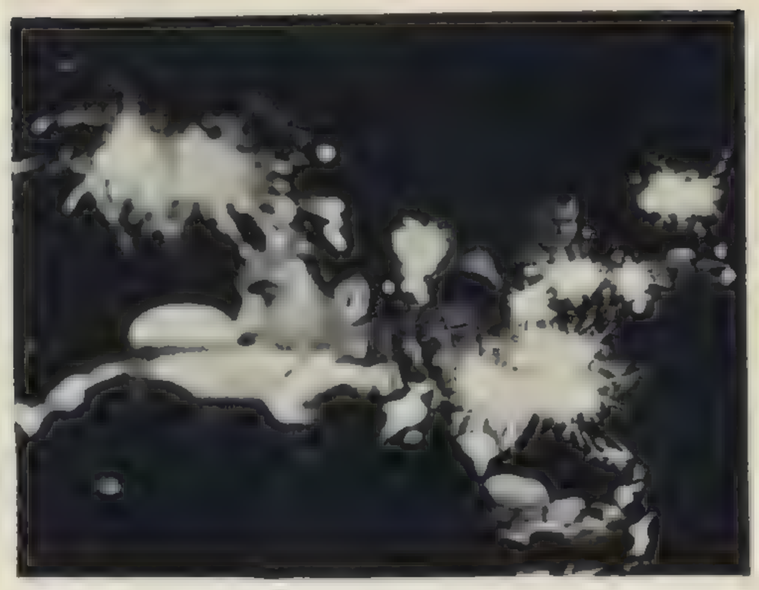
Monday, we sailed (or skipped) across the Aegean aboard the "Express," a swan-white hydrofoil, to the island of Hydra. Here, riding donkeys, we jogged past the waterfront cafés to a rocky bluff for a picnic. The menu: whole lambs and pigs on the spit, green salads polka-dotted with olives, soft white *feta* cheese, peachy-coloured melons, and a fruity wine.

At the glittery gala that night, we—some one thousand—were all guests of Professor Andreadis. The ballroom, a forest of pink wild cherry blossoms opening into marble foyers with potted trees and fountains, made a lovely *palais de danse*. Traditional at Hilton openings: Mr. Hilton and his sister, Mrs. Dean Carpenter, dancing the *varsovienne*, the dance Mr. H. loves and does with grace.

Next morning, we left Athens. Miles later, that evening at the Waldorf in New York, I heard myself saying: "Thank you, Mr. Hilton, I had a marvellous time."



Left, Mrs. John Carras, an Athenian who lives in London.



Right, the Hilton parade of waiters carrying the dessert—glowing with sparklers.

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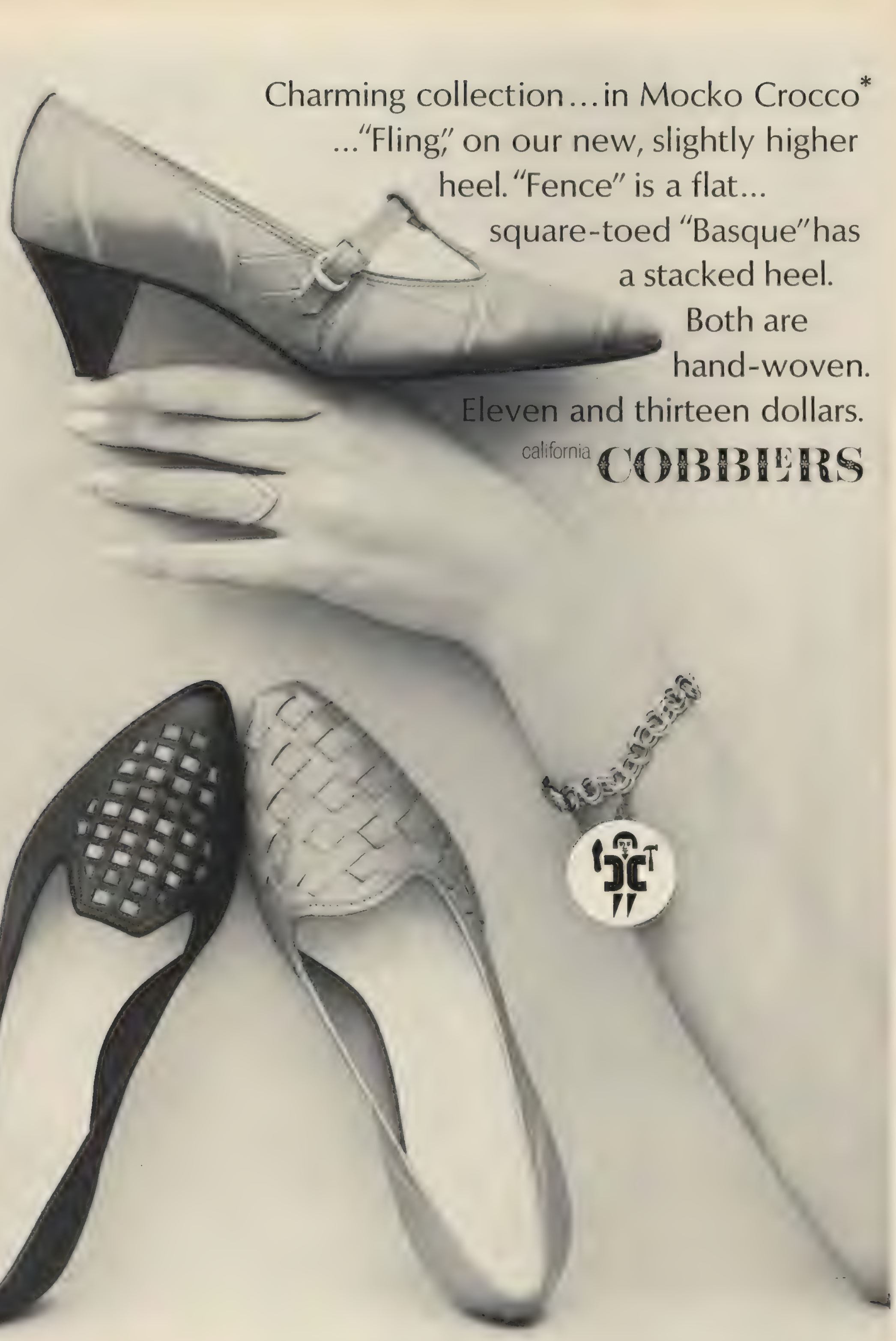
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NOTED: THE PREMEDITATED PYJAMA

Approved and lauded. The look that leaves no doubt—*this* is a woman. Gone: the little-girlisms. Arrived: the nontimid turn of line. The heady stuff of color. The intriguery of fabrics with demeanor and dimension. Achieved: clothes that know life and how to live it. To the hilt.

RUDI GERNREICH's at-home-was-never-like-this pyjama. In champagne, naturellement. And about as innocent as a magnum of same. All sinuous slink to a voluminous swell of trousers. All soft, supple and shape-keeping in 80% "Orlon"* acrylic, 20% wool. Rudi Gernreich design for Harmon Knitwear. About $50. At Joseph Magnin, California and Nevada; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Lord & Taylor, Private Lives Shop, New York; Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney, Inc., St. Louis and branches. For additional stores nearest you, see page 253. Pin by J. Staal. Coiffure by Caruso.

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Left. OLEG CASSINI's suit, bon vivant. More knowing than naïve. Its suppleness and shape a certainty in double-knit jersey of 80% "Orlon"* acrylic, 20% wool. Double-breasted, V-low jacket over a high count of irrepressible pleats. The mock-turtle looped blouse in blazoned parallels of color. About $175. At Joseph Magnin Co., California and Nevada; Goldwaters, Phoenix and Scottsdale; Gus Mayer, all stores. Hat by Emme.

Opposite. PATTULLO-JO COPELAND's long slither and shimmer of spice, straight to the floor. And fringe, fringe, fringe. Vibrant and triumphant in 85% "Antron"* nylon and silk. About $295. At Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Young-Quinlan Rothschild, Minneapolis; Bonwit Teller, New York and Philadelphia; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C. Black earrings, flowers by Lilly Daché. Coiffure by Caruso.

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Germaine Monteil launches a new vintage in

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Four dazzling new shades set the tone for a "Vintage" year in fashion. Their names alone are enough to make your head spin—Cherry Brandy, Claret Red, Burgundy Red, and Pink Rosé. All the Super-Lumium Lipsticks now have a super-smooth new texture too. See them wherever fine cosmetics are sold.

Germaine Monteil

SEPTEMBER 1, 1963

VOGUE's EYE VIEW OF A NEW PARIS KICK: THE CHIC OF A WIG THAT LOOKS LIKE A WIG GOES ON LIKE A WIG



PENN

A little fakery these days means a whole lot of chic—and one quick way to that is the wig you see here which everyone in Paris is wearing with as much nonchalance as a new lipstick or nail varnish. A thick, curvy bob designed by Alexandre (the great), it's more than half a head of coiffure—skin it on over your own hair, which is first skinned into a tiny net skullcap; fasten with big hairpins—they should be tortoise-shell; comb out a fringe of your own real-life bangs. Here, the mannequin's own bright brown bangs are in the shadow with the light on the wig—which is blond. Point: be sure everybody knows at a glance that you *are* wearing a wig. . . . For more news on the flourish of fashion on both sides of the Atlantic, flip the page—American collections first, then Paris. The wig above is in America at Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin.

THE NEW AMERICAN ROMANCE FOR WILDLY PRETTY CLOTHES

Any rumours that fashion has let romance fadefadefade away are quelled here and now. Guarding against romance-fadeout in anyone's clothes life are the looks coming up: wildly pretty, unblushingly flattering, and—because they're too good to miss—wearable. Here, and from now on, we're going to see more individuality—people wearing what they like, when they like; the next clothes are the kind they'll like. Colours run to clarity—lacquer reds, blues, pinks; marvellous plaids and checks in bright shades with some mistiness around to heighten them; whey-white tweeds worn with other pale tonalities—ivory, bisque, pale speckles, an oce-lot overblouse and hat; twills, tweeds, whipcords, in stone and earth shades. With many of these: scarfs, pale or pungent, wrapped like muffs around the neck, drawing the eye upward from a clean cut of collar. New wonders in softened seams that lay clothes close to the body in beautifully proportioned curves; suit jackets built like little chopped-off overcoats; shoulder yokes, often cut-in-one with sleeves; raglan shoulders; shirt sleeves, shirt cuffs, longer sleeves. Stitched bindings on the hems of jackets, occasionally bindings on the hems of topcoats and dresses; this idea will grow. Seven-eighths jackets. Fur-lined jackets. The wonderful look of boots, textured stockings, with wool-and-fur clothes. The *richesse* of airy, *flou* tweeds in two pieces, pullover sweaters with high muffy necks, leather handkerchiefs on the head; one way to do this—a sable coat with a black silk turtle-neck sweater, tobacco brown skirt, black leather head-handkerchief, high brown suède boots. Wildly pretty after-dark ideas now: A wine velvet (Continued on page 161)

The new suit-life of pink and blue

It's a stinging kind of prettiness now, sharpened with the unexpected. The suits, opposite, have it. In devastating spades. In their colours: a Versailles blue, a clear shell pink, both news on the autumn day-scene. In their cuts and seams: nearly alike with little ring collars, flattering shapes, buttons made of glossy braid. In what's worn with them: the blue with a twinge of bright pink at the neck, a melon-shaped hat of white Indian lamb, white gloves; the pink suit with a white silk scarf, hat of white calfskin, gloves of pale pearl-grey. To note, with all the wildly pretty clothes on the next twelve pages—the tonality-play of accessories that whisper, or shout, an unexpected colour. Also to note, the year-round possibilities of these looks that hold season-passes to just about any month. Suits, here, by Ben Zuckerman, of Litex wool tweed. Earrings by Marvella. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Suits, also at Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hats by Emme. Gloves by Kislav.

BERT STERN



Big ginger checks





Two spectacular suits that take checks, magnify them, colour them in heavenly misty-plus-vibrant shades. Their superb shaping done as it should be in fabrics with strong patterns—with a minimum of cutting-up. *Left:* Suit with the gingersnap of giant checks in colours smoky and auburn. The lines, simply these: a tubular jacket with flattened front, sash-tied neck, rounded skirt. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan. Bracelet by Mimi di N. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. All at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Joseph Horne; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. *Right:* Checks even bigger and brighter, in colours that sound strange, look wonderful—loden, flame, shades of ginger. The jacket has dropped shoulders, no buttons; the skirt, rounded with two pocket-slits. Scarfed blouse and lining, orange silk. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan; both suits of mohair (Chantal fabrics). Gilt earrings. Suit and earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Pigskin gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Miss Alice hat.

BERT STERN



"Look" coats— the prettiest tweeds

These tweeds have the inside-track to this year's special brand of allure—pretty but plenty dashing, too. To wear in any city with snappy boots, tart tangs of colour. *Left:* Shirt-coat of heather beige wool tweed with a buttoned tab that falls straight to the hips; below it, the skirt opens with a riding-coat slant, showing a glimpse of brown wool crêpe dress. Colour-tang: the sulphur scarf. Costume by Ben Reig. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Earrings by Richelieu. Gloves by Fuchs. Boots by Golo, at Lord & Taylor. *Right:* Low-belted trench coat of mustard tweed, with a whopping green turtleneck pulled from inside. This—easy, comfortable, a wonderful meld of colours and shapes. Coat, with a matching skirt, by David Kidd for Jablow, of Linton wool tweed. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Jersey scarf by Doro. La Piuma boots. Both pages: Miss Alice hat.



BERT STERN



Topcoat suits—
snapped
with
bright
brown

Suits, great-tailored, in the colours, textures, and weights of handsome greatcoats. Seen with them now, in shamelessly beautiful situations: spirited new shades of cinnamon and ginger brown. *Left:* A wonderful look and, as it happens, a wonderful buy—a coat-weight suit of hard twill in Oxford grey, with a bright ginger-coloured vest. The coat-shape, rounded—partly by ingenious little darts behind the sleeves. The vest, knitted wool over a blouse of grey rayon faille. Costume by Paul Blumenstein, of Anglo wool, loomed in America; about $160 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Frederick & Nelson. Richelieu earrings. Emme hat. *Right:* Dark-blue twill—so deep the ribs—with cinnamon wool jersey making the important inner circle at the neck. The jacket is welt-seamed all around; stand-pockets slant at the front. By Frechtel, of Anglo wool, loomed in America. Gloves by Lanolav. Christian Dior-New York hat. All at Lord & Taylor. Suit: at Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN



Suit romances—
for day, for
night

Two suits that walk on the wildly pretty side, to keep the new romance for all-out flattery going all hours—day and evening. *Left:* Oxford grey wool flannel with a collar that's a tailor's triumph—wide, pointed, notched a new way, changeable to a higher wrapped look. Marvellous with it, a striped silk blouse, funnel-necked. Suit, and apricot felt hat, by Christian Dior-New York. Aris silk-lined gloves. Gilt and rhinestone earrings. All at Bergdorf Goodman. The suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. *Right:* Gold-shot tweed, a young narrow suit with new snap for an evening on the town. Flickers of pink, mauve, blue, white; paler flicks of white-gold in the tabbed overblouse, wonderful lapels, and pillbox. Suit of wool, silk, and Chromeflex, and hat, by Christian Dior-N.Y. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings by De Mario. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb.



BERT STERN

Wildly pretty coat shapes— romantically blue

Clear beautiful blues—the ones found in porcelain, in deep fringed eyes, in ambitious postcards' skies—here in coats polished, by a fine tailor's hand, to marvellous lines, perfection of details. Both, news for autumn worn with matte white—in melon-shaped hats of flat fur, snowy gloves. *Left:* Pale-blue wool in a coat shape that swings loose and flat in back; the front is seamed to a curved high waist, and rounded below by seams that puff (pressed *not* to lie flat). By Ben Zuckerman. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Long stone-set earrings by Richelieu. *Right:* Enamel-blue twill with a coachman's double buttons, primly rolled collar, slanted seaming that works into pockets. More coaching from the tailor: a curved back belt. By Ben Zuckerman, of Anglo wool, loomed in America. Marvella earrings. Both at De Pinna. Coat: Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Gloves by Dawnelle. The hat, on both pages, of American broadtail lamb, by Emme.

BERT STERN



THE NEW AMERICAN ROMANCE

FOR WILDLY PRETTY CLOTHES Continued

coat over nine-tenths of a long black dress. Or, over that same long black dress, a white fur sleeveless overblouse; a tailor's coat, to the floor, of blond or pale-blue wool. Back interest in evening dresses, short or long—bows, folds, ruchings, whooshes of fullness that climax an otherwise-sleek line like a giant bow. Long sleeves with long skirts. A big bulky shiny-black overblouse, long sleeved, with a long wool skirt of white or bright yellow. For cocktails, a suit of garnet silk velvet, of lamé tweed (see page 157), a pink jersey dress with ivory gloves, brown diamonds, dark stockings. A bright red dress tailored of blistered silk with lapels, belt, long sleeves. Blacks in shifty shapes, matte or shiny, with black furs—mink or sealskin. Pullovers of white lamb or llama, black or white mink. Fur-lined raincoats for anyone with a grain of fashion-sense now. Hats with the snap of a sheltering brim. Hair-tricks: Brown lacquered ribbon in the hair, perhaps bowed on a comb, worn with a grey flannel suit; one round diamond in shiny black hair; diamond roses, mounted on a comb, for evening; a small white organdie handkerchief binding night-hair over a black velvet suit. For hair that's straight, a short loose curl added at the back. Round rubies, all of a size, lying close at the base of the neck. In the same locale, round diamonds, diamond roses. Other jewellery news now: more pearls—huge ones outside a turned-up collar, sometimes with a Maltese cross of pearls or jewels; crosses, and medallions, also hanging from gold chains, jewelled chains. Big baroque pins on tweeds. The new luxe of buttons—made of real jewels, of silk soutache against wool. To wear at home: long white silk pyjamas with a bright yellow sleeveless silk coat, its back full-yoked to the ground (see this, in magnificent inaction, on page 195). With all this wild prettiness, what happened to romance? It's backbackback.

Chalk suit, ivory gloves— a new claim to prettiness

It's not just the white tweed suit or luck or youth or felicitous lighting that makes the face, opposite, glow. It's a new make-up that does it, and in seconds. For this face and for many of the faces on the preceding pages, make-up foundation was applied as usual, then over it was slipped a new extra by Frances Denney—the latest version of the lustre-finish idea: blushing liquid make-up to put around the edges of the face or anywhere glow is wanted. A dazzled face powder went over that, and glowed-up eye-shadow and lipstick. The look is marvellously well edited in our opinion: it offers three choices in skin toning: pink, coral, beige; four choices in eyelid tinting including a fascinating new Spanish Bronze; two choices in glowing lipstick—one, Bronze Lustre (used here); the other, Red Lustre. (Both lipsticks become interesting in a further way when used together, red over bronze or bronze over red.) The suit, with this claim to new prettiness—chalk white tweed in a trig young shape with a little hedge of collar and the whiteness-in-depth of ivory kidskin gloves—these, the newest glove-colour that white can switch to now. Other whites: the speckled fur hat, pearliness around the face. Suit by Ben Zuckerman, of Litex wool. Pseudo-pearl necklace and earrings by Marvella. Suit and jewellery at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gloves by Viola Weinberger. Emme hat.

BERT STERN

"MY CHANCY LIFE AS A MOVIE-MAKER"



BY IRWIN SHAW

This article is based on an unusual experience. I made a movie, *In the French Style*, and now that it is finished, I like it. As if this were not unusual enough, both the director, Robert Parrish, and myself, also enjoyed ourselves enormously during the process.

Ordinarily, descriptions of the making of a movie, either in fiction or as fact, are histories of betrayal, ineptitude, tantrums, chicanery, and bitter personal disagreements. and the wail of the writer who discovers that his script has been rewritten by the director, or the director's wife. or the masseuse of the star. is as familiar to us as the opening measures of the Fifth Symphony. I know about all this because I myself have written such a novel, *Two Weeks in Another Town*, using as background the movie colony in Rome.

Surprisingly enough, the behind-the-scene in-fighting is only rarely reflected on the screen. The uncomfortable truth is that the final result, on film, has almost nothing to do with the atmosphere in which the work was done. Wonderful movies have been made by men who are little more than beasts and who terrorize everyone around them and awful movies have been made by men who are little short of the angels and who are adored by everyone, off and on the set.

Talent comes in curious packages and displays itself eccentrically, often with no recognizable relation to character. Luck seems to be the deciding factor and determines whether you finish a movie with grated nerves or on terms of euphoric friendship with everybody, from the president of Columbia Pictures down to the waitress in the studio commissary.

If I were a Foundation, I would offer a prize to any reader who sent in a screenplay, based on this material for my movie, *In the French Style*, that an impartial jury would consider better than the script we shot. The impartial jury would naturally consist of Robert Parrish, who directed the picture, and myself. Incidentally, we also were the co-producers of the movie.

After writing the last paragraph, Mr. Parrish and I have had a conference and we have decided that even though we are not a Foundation and give very little promise of ever becoming one, we would offer a prize nevertheless. This prize will consist of a contract to write a screenplay, at a price and on a subject to be mutually agreed upon, for an organization called Casanna Productions, which is the parent company for the movie. Anybody under eighty who has not written a movie that grossed more than ten million dollars (world-wide, as they say in the trade) is eligible for this competition. The reason for this limitation is that we have to draw the line *somewhere*.

While we were shooting in Paris we were visited often by a French friend of mine who is an author of deserved international repute and who has had several brushes with the world of motion pictures. Used to a sterner atmosphere, he was intrigued by the freedom in which Robert Parrish and I worked.

This was as much of a novelty for us as it was for him and was the result of a calculated risk bravely taken by officers of Columbia Pictures, whom I hereby acclaim, singly and collectively. They put up the money for the production of the picture, trusting that Parrish and I, although without previous experience as producers, would come up with a movie that would not disgrace the theatres in which it would be shown. As it turned out, we were free to do anything we wanted, as long as we did not commit the major crime of exceeding the budget. Since the movies are different from other businesses in that the most experienced practitioners invariably exceed their budgets by the greatest amounts, our fiscal naïveté worked to our

advantage and we enjoyed a heady independence in our small, inexpensive domain. This independence, which is far from a commonplace in the profession, so impressed my French friend that he offered to do a film in exactly the same manner with Parrish. He asked for only one change. Although he intended to work as I had done, this is, to write the script based on an idea of his own and to stay with the production from that point until the picture was released to the public, he refused to have his name on the screen as co-producer. The reason for this show of modesty was his belief that the stigma of being named even once in a lifetime as the producer of a movie would wipe out any chance he might have of winning the Nobel Prize.

His fear came, of course, from the popular conception of a movie producer as a fat vulgarian with a big cigar who only talks about money and who is devoutly committed to ruining the work of poets in the name of a magical entity called "box office." While it must be admitted that, fearful of cancer, I occasionally smoke a cigar and that in the last year I have put on considerable weight (making the picture left me no time for exercise) the producer image, in my case, happened to clash with another and absolutely contradictory image—that of the writer in the Twentieth Century. A writer, as almost everybody knows, is a thin, chain-smoking, debt-ridden, neurotic figure, dressed rather seedily, drunk a good deal of the time, and busy working on his third divorce or picking up sailors in bars.

As I do not especially wish to be placed in these categories, I live in the hope that the images will cancel each other out, leaving something that will resemble a human being in their place.

Anyway, since I am one of those writers who almost never wins a prize I felt I wasn't running any particular risk in having the legend, produced by Irwin Shaw and Robert Parrish, on seven feet of film for all the world to see.

I am even ready to do it again and again and again and if I never get to Stockholm in a tailcoat, *tant pis pour moi.* I throw in this morsel of French only because the movie was made in France and a little bow in the direction of the language of Racine and Françoise Sagan seems an excusably gracious gesture. All it really means, for readers who neglected to take French in high school, is, "So much the worse for me." The pleasure of being for once permitted freely to use the marvellous medium of the motion picture, limited only by the extent of the combined talents of the director and myself, more than makes up for the loss of any Swedish gold that might possibly come my way.

In recent years we have all heard the truism that the best pictures are most often made by directors who are themselves writers. In America, there are such examples as John Huston, Billy Wilder, and Joseph Mankiewicz. In Europe there are Fellini, Bergman, and several of the younger generation of French directors. Parrish and I were prevented from joining this illustrious group by the fact that Parrish has doubts about his abilities as a writer and I have no doubts whatever of my lack of ability as a director. Our only recourse was to work as closely as possible and try to give our movie a single tone that represents us both.

I would not like to have the reader get the impression that being a producer is all honey and rose petals. I found myself faced with surprising chores and the necessity of making decisions in fields in which I had to disguise the fact that I had no competence whatsoever. For example—I went through a long, heroic struggle with a hairdresser over the problem of how Miss Seberg's hair was to be combed. I even had to face the canard that I was try- (Continued on page 234)

Jean Seberg, as an artless American girl, with Philippe Forquet, as an improbably more artless French boy





VOGUE'S FIRST REPORT
ON THE NEW
FRENCH CLOTHES
AND THE
FRESH EXCITEMENT OF

PARIS

THE GREAT TAILORS
CRAFTSMANSHIP
BRILLIANCE
AND SHOWMANSHIP

Fashion is the zest we live on—the idée fixe of Paris. From the concierge in the Rue du Bac to the portier who receives us on our return from an opening, to the little parfumeurs on the Faubourg, the cheese sellers at Fauchon, the chasseurs who deliver the bundles of French roses and lilies. Paris is alerted for the one hour of ten days, suspended in projecting the glories of the ateliers of the couture. Never has Paris been more green and golden—hot days and cool evenings. The hearts of Paris beat as one for those most native to their instincts—the workers, large and small, who create the fashion for the world.

All over Paris the new clothes are worn by an alluring race of small-boned olive-skinned brunettes with discreet, dreaming eyes, lovely slender legs, and a fresh romantic look. Faces and features are suddenly unimportant: what matters is the length of limb, the elegant neck, the chemistry of skin.

The air was charged with pinpoint bubbles of anticipated success as we entered the door at St. Laurent. Shining copper beeches stood ceiling-high in the corners of the double salon. . . . He began by amusing us with a flurry of cops and gamines, a West Side Story de luxe, parading the far-flung heroines of science fiction—a space-queen with a Japanese face, graceful as a lily in black kidskin, with narrow trousers, crocodile boots zipped up as high as waders. On and on they came, like a rush of trippers from Mars, wearing jerkins and overblouses of checked wool and suède and mink with slack gold chains circling their waists, under their collars; chains rimming jaunty porkpie hats with wiglets of thick, curvy, bent Chinese hair arranged inside each one.

Then came couture. St. Laurent brought back with a flourish the very necessary proportions of the big, easy round topcoat, usually indented at the hem and very often short enough to show one to three inches of the suit or dress beneath; the comfortable, practical coat women need for cars, for wrapping up in airports. Wonderful in tangerine, almond green, in (Continued on page 169)

THIS WINTER'S FACE

St. Laurent on winter's traces—eyes, like Christmas daisies, framed by a brown suède casque, soft Balaclava helmet of suède; shown with all the boots-and-jerkin looks. Worn in photograph opposite by a Japanese mannequin, remote and pretty as a winter flower. In America at Best & Co.; Neiman-Marcus; and I. Magnin.

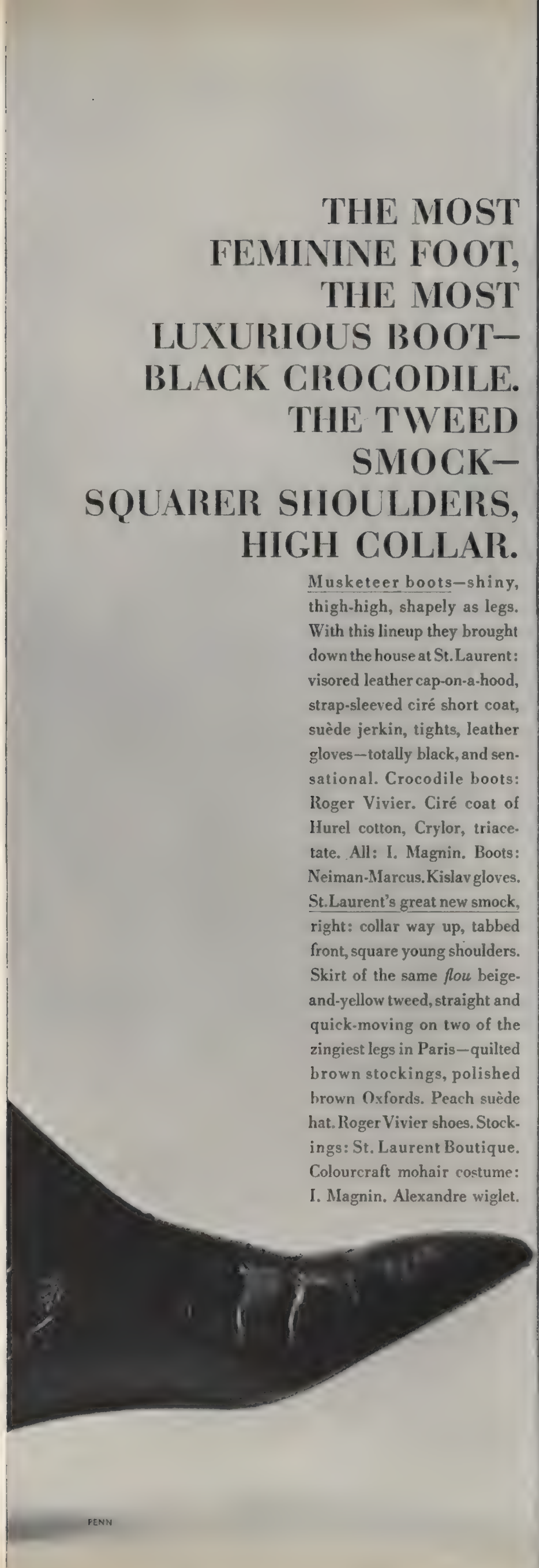
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MORE PARIS EXCITEMENT

THE MOST FEMININE FOOT, THE MOST LUXURIOUS BOOT— BLACK CROCODILE. THE TWEED SMOCK— SQUARER SHOULDERS, HIGH COLLAR.

Musketeer boots—shiny, thigh-high, shapely as legs. With this lineup they brought down the house at St. Laurent: visored leather cap-on-a-hood, strap-sleeved ciré short coat, suède jerkin, tights, leather gloves—totally black, and sensational. Crocodile boots: Roger Vivier. Ciré coat of Hurel cotton, Crylor, triacetate. All: I. Magnin. Boots: Neiman-Marcus. Kislav gloves. St. Laurent's great new smock, right: collar way up, tabbed front, square young shoulders. Skirt of the same *flou* beige-and-yellow tweed, straight and quick-moving on two of the zingiest legs in Paris—quilted brown stockings, polished brown Oxfords. Peach suède hat. Roger Vivier shoes. Stockings: St. Laurent Boutique. Colourcraft mohair costume: I. Magnin. Alexandre wiglet.



PENN





MORE PARIS

mushroom. . . . Tweed smocks for day with straight skirts. The same shape in brocade for evening. . . . The most livable walking suits in black and white chicken-wire tweed. . . . Jewels with everything: lustrous pearls the size of moth-balls, jewelled buttons made by fantasy jewellers, flat medallions, stones bursting with light mounted in huge squared Byzantine pins in the Empress Theodora manner. . . . St. Laurent loves high necks, funnelled or turtle or lifted in a verve-y way at the back with points in front. . . . These for day, and the most gala night looks, hitting the top note with a long two-piece evening dress of heavy eggshell satin, the sleeveless overblouse showing shimmery, silvery topaz embroidery on the turtleneck and sleeves of the dress beneath—this slightly mediaeval, and so ravishing that even the press dropped pencils and joined in the clatter of applause from Zizi Jeanmaire and the private clients in the inner salon.

Two of the smartest theatre looks in the world played it cool: one, a soft little crinkly crêpe satin cardigan to the hips—tiny buttons, plain as a schoolgirl's uniform—worn with a slender skirt, an overblouse of slightly gonflé silk; the other, black crepon gaufré in the same vein of cardigan bloused on a wide satin band and worn over a crêpe dress with a satin ribbon of belt. Very subtle, very chic—hair pulled back in a tight oval with height behind the crown of the head and a coiled figure-eight chignon low on the neck, arranged by Alexandre.

If you're not crusading in boots and leather in the country, or travelling in a greatcoat, or out on the town, the right place to be (in St. Laurent's book) must be a thrilling, drafty château. The thing to wear *there:* a fiery orange-and-brown tweed coat to the ground with a long two-piece jersey dress, or a floor-length olive-green suède coat and a long mushroom-coloured jersey dress with a satin belt.

Chanel never so gala, riveting, and young—every suit has the mystère that's meant for private life; the look that's prone to romance and adventure. As always, Coco Chanel believes in the woman first, the costume that best answers her needs; and her clothes and jewels are shown on the prettiest girls in Paris, all with round loose chin-length bobs and bangs held with loops of ribbon. The rigorous magic of Chanel is felt in every lining, every binding, every fitting, in the cloche skirts cut to the rhythm of walking . . . unconsciously revealing engaging legs and feet. Everything a fraction closer to the body: smaller shoulders and sleeves cut with the characteristic straight line on the outside, the eighteenth-century curve inside the elbow. Newest suit: the blazer or smoking jacket in navy blue, in black, with military flap pockets, white shirts of tucked lawn.

Sublime colours in Italian tweeds for day and night, any time, any place, in the world. Green with touches of pink with lining and blouse of apple-green shantung; pinky-mauve tweed with navy blue; camellia-pink tweed with a frogged jacket, brighter pink blouse—worn, for additional kicks, by a red-haired girl; deep pink with indigo; yellowy beige with acid green.

With many Chanel suits: a new sweater on the brink of fame; it's knitted of ropy silk yarn about the thickness of a child's paintbrush—three horizontal tucks spaced from neck to waistband, sleeves slightly above the wrist.

The Chanel idea of the way to look at night: a Chanel suit, often brocade or lamé as before, but this year more luxurious—say gold brocade with an absolutely molten quality, the jacket generously rimmed in sable, the merest glimpse of bright red facings. Back in the chic again: fur collars, cuffs and pocket rims; these at their best in *petit-gris*—silky Siberian squirrel—on a seven-eighths pink tweed coat with its own silk-topped pink tweed skirt. Luxe caché: the *petit-gris* lining in the coat.

At Dior, two distinct dress lines: the two-piece version—an underbloused overblouse with a straight short skirt, sleeved and turtlenecked for day, sleeveless and décolleté at night; *or* one line to the floor seamed like a maillot, often with a long coat or an embroidered, bejewelled bolero. (Continued on page 243)

The big, easy topcoat that the whole world's wanted for years—great tailoring and walk-away naturalness from Simonetta and Fabiani. Of thick red twill, double-breasted, with deep dropped shoulders cavalierly carved by two well-welted seams curving into short, wide, arm-swinging sleeves. Shaping the back, a broad stitched martingale.

THE RE-ENTRY OF THE BIG EASY TOPCOAT

PENN

COURRÈGES:
SPANISH WHITE

PENN

Turnout à l'Indienne, far left: Leather-thonged tunic-coat and narrow, perfectly creased pants breaking over white boots. In ribbed jersey, with a scarfed silk overblouse—all, chastely, impeccably white. Puffed black suède beret, tilted forward. All, in America: I. Magnin. Roger Faré gloves. White kidskin boots—this year's knockout Courrèges signature, exquisitely made and fitted. Worn with white leather hat, white leather gloves, the shortest tweed skirts—and the prettiest knees in the world. Boots by Delicata for Courrèges. At Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

TWEED, KNEES— WHITE KIDSKIN WITH EVERYTHING



COURRÈGES

We came away from this collection, the fifth Courrèges has shown, with the impression of white used to clear, brighten, and purify colour—white as only the Basques know how to use it. Even his cool. semi-ascetic salon has curtains and cushions of clean white country cotton with white puffball fringe. . . . Whitest possible kidskin boots, matte white gloves, and often white domed caps shown right through the collection. Straight and slender trousers falling like sleeves on the leg, breaking over the tops of white kidskin boots. . . . Courrèges has perfected the straight line, bringing everything close to the body. His tailoring is without peer, subtle, correct, and modern. Many coats on the narrow side with easy shoulders, small stand-up collars, leather-ribbon belts that tie in a flat bow at the waist. Edges of coats and suits often banded by welting. Beautifully balanced flap pockets, sometimes welted, usually set high on coats and suit jackets. Brown, fawn, and pale camel played straight across the board always with white white white. There is simply no stopping the white wool dress; and winter-white leather will be the niftiest thing on two feet this year—after boots, shoes; then gloves, exciting domed caps. . . . Tweed everywhere in Paris is mixed in a strange new way that gives the impression of pattern without being patterned—Courrèges has it in a coat of three clear greens (jade to lime), a mix of thick and not-so-thick textures. Very new: lightning streaks of taupe, grey-flecked, and white used in one of the best suits of this or any other year, buttoned in white kid. . . . And when it comes to Courrèges suits—they simply get better every time they're cut, with jackets that stop at exactly the right point on the hipbone. In the realm of blouses he shows over and over a meaningful unsleeved shell of silk, seamed at bosom-level with faint little gathers above the seam . . . shimmery pink or jade green, worn with white suits that live up to six o'clock the way moonlight lives up to the Ganges.

THE SHIRTMAKER'S TOPCOAT, left. Most perfect shirt in the world: Courrèges' welt-seamed camel's-hair coat; widened tabbed shoulders, strapped sleeves, beautifully balanced flap pockets, patte boutonnée closing. White leather everywhere—hat, gloves, white kidskin boots. Coat in America at Best & Co.; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

THE TAILOR'S TOPCOAT, right. Thonged beige-and-white flecked wool checks; small stand-up collar; double-breasted closing set in a panel of welting. White leather gloves, thong belt, boots, and a shiny brown leather dome-hat with a curl in the middle of the forehead. Coat and hat, at I. Magnin. Both pages: gloves by Roger Faré; Delicata kidskin boots.

PENN

TAUPE TWEED
AND
WHITE LEATHER

THE WALKING SKIRT

Courrèges cricket-match suit, left, of grey-flecked cap- and white-lightning stripe. Wide shoulders, white scarf and kid skin buttons, walking skirt with pockets just under the jacket. In America, I. Magnin. High pockets, skirt (shorter) for walking, right, from Courrèges. Beige-blue tweed with a small perfect collar that rounds away from the neck, leather buttons that go beyond the jacket. In America at Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin. With both suits, a white leather hat. Delicate boots. The gloves by Roger Vivi

CHICKEN-WIRE TWEED— PORKPIE HAT

Chicken-wire tweed, corduroy jerkin, above: St. Laurent's black-and-white cardigan suit, with the collar of a buttoned black corduroy jerkin folded over the collarless jacket. Straight, walking skirt—walking out, here, with meshed black stockings and square-toed black suède shoes. Gilt-chained Nottingham porkpie of pale-blue velours. Suit of Ascher mohair. Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson; I. Magnin. The shoes are by Roger Vivier. Ribbed velvet, belted and chained, right, in a suit of chicken-wire tweed, worn with a bright-blue chained Nottingham porkpie—another of the whizz-bang ways that St. Laurent declared for sport-de-luxe. Suit of black-and-beige wool tweed, Charles Etienne black velvet. In America, at I. Magnin. Both pages: Kislav gloves. Hair arranged by Alexandre.

CHICKEN-WIRE TWEED— CHAINS AND JERKIN

PENN



LONGER
COLD-CLIMATE
COATS—
BARED-KNEE
SKIRTS

Jacket worn over thin shirt, a Biarritz idea with a Russian schoolgirl look. With both costumes, Birri's navy-kneed hose, with socks, necessities. At left, brown-and-white hound's-tooth tweed, the vest with tie-able belt; a skirt opens to layers of pearls. Her suave hound's-tooth. Wool shoes by Dumas-Maury. The costume and hat at I. Magnin. Right, also from Birri, two skirt levels in black-gray tweed. Coat with loose stitched martingale, big collar, short straight skirt with pocket, and Henley top, of hound's-tooth tweed. Of wool and nylon by Bufano, Cantor, and the gloves on both pages, by Kislav, in America at I. Magnin. Shoes by Carrol.

THE
HORSECOLLAR

PENN

THE SQUARED SHOULDER

Dior high pleated horsecollar, left, looped forward; squared and widened shoulders. Welted, pocket-flapped jacket; easy skirt. Of green, amber, and brown tweed, seemingly woven with air. The blouse—like the visored cap that sits smack on the eyebrows—green suède. Suit of Larincet mohair and wool. Kislav gloves. Both: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Alexandre's entrancing idea. Square root of wonderful, right: Two-piece black wool with the new Dior shoulder-line squared by two seams perched on the shoulders; bosom lifted by a high, horizontal seam across the pullover. Of Garigue wool. I. Magnin. Bangs-on-the-brow: Alexandre's entrancing idea.

By William C. Seitz

THE RISE AND DISSOLUTION OF THE AVANT-GARDE

During a radio interview last spring Hermione Gingold described a play in which she was appearing as extremely "avant-garde, which is very much the thing to be nowadays." A leading cosmetic manufacturer merchandises a line of lipsticks (including the colours "Madly Mauve" and "Blasé Apricot") as its "Avant-Garde Collection." The term "avant-garde," as everyone knows who can tell a watercolour by Marin from an oil by Miró, has filtered down from the language of modern art. Not everyone realizes, however, that the Russian anarchist Peter Kropotkin collaborated in editing a periodical called *L'Avant-Garde* during the 1870's, that an anarchist magazine published in New York during the thirties was called *Vanguard*, and that these terms originally called to mind the forward troops of a military force. Albeit only ideologically and without bloodshed, true avant-garde art boldly entered hostile territory, and dug in until its forces were liquidated or won the day.

As Chairman Khrushchev indicated in addressing a congress of Soviet intellectuals last March, art can not be insulated from society: "The Communist Party is waging the struggle and will continue to fight against abstractionism and all other formalistic distortions in art. . . . Art enters into the sphere of ideology. Those who think that socialist realism and formalistic, abstract trends can live peacefully side by side in Soviet art inevitably sink to a position alien to us. . . . We can not be neutral towards formalism."

The great art of the past arose from a sympathetic interplay between artist and wealthy patron. The modern art we most admire today, on the contrary, grew out of an opposite social situation: it was the outcome of alienation from society, and an absence of patronage. This breakdown, evident before 1850, was the result, in part, of the revolution of the rising bourgeoisie against royalty and aristocracy, and of the proletariat against all three. Today, outside the iron curtain, the rupture seems to be healing: we are witnessing the absorption of avant-garde art into "The American Way of Life." Why should we be surprised that some of the less attractive marks of our society—a craving for kicks, exaggeration of the profit motive, the preference of publicity to truth, the scramble for status, a continual search for divertissement—are adulterating the product in the process of absorption?

In the 1840's, as Arnold Hauser, the leading sociologist of the arts, states, "an unbridgeable gulf opens up between the genius and ordinary men, between the artist and the public, between art and social reality." Hauser calls attention to "the bad manners and impertinences of the bohemians, their often childish ambitions to embarrass and provoke the unsuspecting bourgeois, their frantic attempt to differentiate themselves from normal, average men and women, the eccentricity of their clothes, their headdress, their beards; . . . their free and easy and paradoxical language, their exaggerated, aggressively formulated ideas, their invectives and indecencies, all that is merely the expression of the desire to isolate themselves from middle-class society, or rather the desire to represent the already accomplished isolation as intentional and acceptable." He could be speaking of the Dadaists of 1916 as well as the Romantics of 1840.

One document, brilliant and prophetic in its elegant irony, sets a key to the avant-garde arts for the century to follow its publication in 1846: Charles Baudelaire's famous commentary on the official Salon of that year. In a dedication "To the Bourgeois," written in language delicately poised between obsequiousness and sarcasm, the great poet-critic defines a cleavage between the bourgeois, be he "king, lawmaker, or businessman," and the artist. Nineteenth-century standards for artistic development were set in France. There, by the sixties, an insurmountable barrier had been raised between the art of the academy, propagated in official schools and salons, and the art of the new, de-classed band of misfits for whom the pursuit of subjective truth—at that time realism expressed through what both Baudelaire and Zola called a "temperament"—was more important than profit or public acclaim. Until after the end of the century, as the leading historian of Impressionism, John Rewald, recently wrote, the "powerful force of stale academicism . . . managed to drive a wedge between the public and artists of originality, isolating these from support, financial and otherwise, and covering them with ridicule."

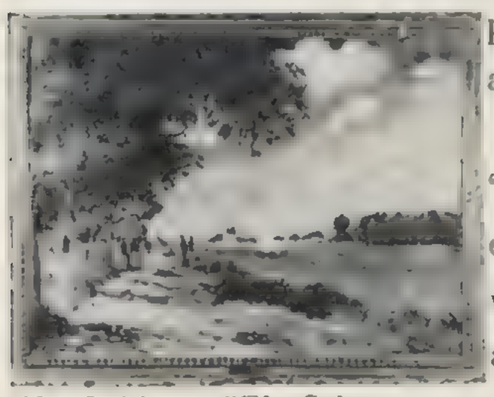
In his political activities and certain of his early paintings, Gustave Courbet was the prototype of the American left-wing realists of the 1930's, but

Édouard Manet, like Courbet's friend Whistler, was a truer precursor of the avant-garde artist: not only did he undermine the painting of literary subjects by what was, in certain canvases, masked abstraction—his art mocked and needled the *bon bourgeois* as elegantly as did Baudelaire's criticism. One of his most provocative sorties was the magnificent reclining nude, "Olympia," shown in the Salon of 1865. It is quite in the tradition of Titian and Goya, except that in this case the lady, naked except for ornaments, gazes with brazen composure toward the spectator, as does her black cat, who stands, tail erect, at the foot of the bed. The Negro maid delivers a gift of beautiful flowers. Entirely without mythic or romantic pretext, the "Olympia" was more provocative to public decorum, for its time, than "The Nude Descending a Staircase" in 1913. An entire book is devoted to the criticism, most of it disparaging, of Manet's painting between 1859 and his death in 1883.



Edouard Manet, "Olympia," 1863. Musée du Louvre.

The canvases of the Impressionists were also subjected to abuse, even though their lyrical and luminous paintings of landscapes, flowers, and figures never attack the spectator nor refer to the artist's social dilemma. Manet and Monet, whose paintings remained for years outside the circle of public approval, can serve to represent two kinds of avant-garde artists: the first, polemicists, mixing disdain for Philistinism with their pigment; the second, apparently unscarred by alienation, mindful only of aesthetic concerns.



Claude Monet, "The Seine at Argenteuil," 1875.

As masterpieces of modernism such as Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" become classic, it is easy to forget that contemporary art took form within a company of penniless poets, eccentrics, anarchists, drunks, and libertines—a community outside decent society. Integrity and devotion rubbed shoulders with poverty, depravity, and desperation. It was under such conditions, and in activities that were often an affront to respectable people, that the glory of twentieth-century art evolved in Paris, Milan, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and (by the time of Stieglitz's "291" Gallery and the Armory Show) New York. Indeed, the temperature raised by the perennially controversial nature of modern art may be a "secret ingredient" responsible for the incisiveness and iridescence of its masterworks.

To talk of the "avant-garde" is to point out a social mechanism, the operation of which can be documented again and again. It is carefully explained in a book by the Russian Suprematist, Kasimir Malevich, *The Non-objective World*, published in 1927. In outlining the evolution from realistic to abstract art by way of Cubism—a process in direct contradiction to the aesthetics dictated by Stalinist Russia—Malevich points out that, from the time of Cézanne onward, changes came about when a new "additional element" of form or subject became the nucleus of a new style. "If . . . a picture displays new additional elements so that it is no longer possible to fit it into the framework of the familiar norm," he explains, "it is rejected by the public. . . . The public's lack of understanding, however, does not alter in the slightest the actual artistic value of a picture so that when, after a certain lapse of time, the people have accustomed themselves to the unfamiliar, the picture will inevitably come into its own." Malevich's formula says nothing about quality, but it takes for granted a fundamental principle more ethical than aesthetic: avant-garde art did not deviate from its direction in order to find a public.



Pablo Picasso, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Collection, The Museum of Modern Art. 1907.

No work of art can be avant-garde intrinsically, so the status dissolves as soon as the work or the manner is accepted. As a consequence no avant-garde movement has lasted much longer than ten years. Impressionism was a controversial movement until 1882 or 1883, but gradually the Impressionist image of the world, previously regarded as false and incompetently articulated, was accepted as beautiful and true; Monet and Renoir became wealthy and gained many followers, while the vanguard positions were next occupied by Seurat's Neo-Impressionism, Symbolism, and the beginnings of Expressionism in the work of van Gogh and Gauguin. After 1905 Fauvism lived a brief life, to be supplanted by Cubism in France, Futurism in Italy, Expressionism in Germany, abstract art in Russia, Holland, and Germany, and afterward, internationally, Dada and Surrealism. Intent on their own premises, these groups often excluded each other; but they shared a partisan adherence to convictions that were usually social and philosophic as well as aesthetic, and they refused to capitulate to public taste. As Marcel Duchamp has emphasized, the early avant-gardists were "pariahs." (Continued on page 230)



Marcel Duchamp, "Fountain," 1917.





SELF-PORTRAIT

René Bouché
1906–1963
AN APPRECIATION

As an artist René Bouché chose a narrow field. Within it he developed superbly and became a master. When he died in England early in July, he had turned another of his painting corners. His new preliminary sketches for portraits of faces unknown to him are mainly strong, black, powerful, the work of a man with a new compelling drive, swerving perhaps from his older ways. His drawings and notebooks—and more should be published—reveal him as a candid and vivid observer of fashions, of audiences at an art auction, of an orchestra in rehearsal, of geishas in Tokyo, of scenes all over the world.

Bouché was, in fact, more of a megalopolitan than any of the people he drew or painted. One saw him most intimately in London or Paris, if not in New York, to which he came just after the fall of France in World War II, primarily to work for Vogue. During his years on the magazine he went through many phases, including an abstract one.

Eventually he became a master of social portraiture, with almost the best of his paintings portraits of men. His Jacques Lipchitz, now owned by the Whitney Museum, is a thinly painted but massive, memorable characterization which captures the heroic dignity of Lipchitz as a man. His large head of Stravinsky achieved a startling monumentality. His pencil study of Frederick Kiesler, owned by The Museum of Modern Art, shows Bouché at his best for the analysis is sympathetic, but also quick, intuitive, and penetrating. (Bouché described the drawing as "a matter-of-fact, though benevolent, insight into a human physiognomy.") In time Bouché no longer sought commissions, but rather refused them. Among his notable paintings are the portrait of Braque, ill in Varengeville, now in the collection of The Museum of Modern Art, and that of Elsa Maxwell, like a Velasquez dwarf stuffed into a vertical frame.

A NEW BOUCHÉ DIRECTION IN DRAWING—ONE OF THE LAST OF HIS SKETCHES. A PRELIMINARY ONE MADE A FEW DAYS BEFORE HE DIED ON JULY 3.

One evening not so long ago René Bouché spoke to me about his work. He said that he believed that warmth, dignity, elegance, and sophistication, even charm, are positive values for the painter, not to be effaced but rather to be nourished and kept beautiful. Although he admired the vanguard of American artists, his personal friends, he decided not to keep in step with them. He made a decision and quite deliberately set out to make his work and his life one. He succeeded.

BY WILLIAM S. LIEBERMAN,
Curator of Drawings and Prints, The Museum of Modern Art



In the spring of 1963 René Bouché painted—among the last portraits he did—a quick series in an entirely new style with the image all colour and paint; there was no suggestion of drawing, no use of the strong black line for which he was known. Two of these portraits are published for the first time here and on the following pages—one of Mrs. Michel David-Weill, a pastel beauty; the other, Mrs. Raymond Bonham-Carter, intensely brunette with an aura of vivid colours. Both subjects were chosen because by presence and temperament they suggest the element of colour, a special ambiance more potent than scent. Right, Mrs. David-Weill, a Dürer blonde, cool and delicate, painted in deep to fragile blues, creamy whites, with touches of green, a blaze of yellow.

MRS. MICHEL DAVID-WEILL





Mrs. Raymond Bonham-Carter, right, whose dark, odalisque beauty gave Bouché a direct foil for the pastel portrait on the preceding pages. Here nothing is muted; the colours are warm heliotrope, pungent reds and yellow, a sharp clear green—all in striking contrast to the small voluptuous face, dark-eyed, with skin like "chilled snow," a red slash of lipstick. This is the likeness, seen and unseen. of a woman with decided tastes, some humour, and a clear idea of her own image that set up an amazingly quick rapport at the sitting, which lasted from eleven to four with an hour's break for lunch. Bouché played records, mostly Bach; Mrs. Bonham-Carter told him unaccountably, "I like my music as loud as a hot bath."

MRS. RAYMOND BONHAM-CARTER







THE RACÉ LOOK

"Castilians are sorry for people who haven't the good fortune to be Castilian," a Spaniard once observed to us. And possibly that notion has had something to do with the face you see at left. Called "The Castilian Look," the make-up worn here is the newest statement by one of the most-watched make-up innovators we know, namely Estée Lauder, whose lipstick in any shade past or present is somehow identifiable at a glance—as identifiable as a Balenciaga suit when it's the vrai thing. How that can be we can't quite say, but there's a special brilliance about the Estée Lauder colouring—and about the total make-up concept, something quite original and feminine. Her new face is full of fascination for us because of what it says quite clearly: light brilliance; a little temperament; a change. Not girlish, not naïve, it could be thought of as the racé look, ready for the brightest autumn sunshine and the life of city sports-clothes-de-luxe. As planned by Estée Lauder, the look details this way: a glowing beige make-up foundation, melting grey-shadowed eyes, a moulding of coral-y rouge, and the bravado of a mouth stirring again with light, strong colour. Castilian make-up, ready September 1 at Saks Fifth Avenue. As for the clothes, don't miss the point they make: ginger and white together should be in mind this autumn when you're thinking of what to wear with what. Dress, mohair hung sparingly from a gathered neckline; by Geoffrey Beene; about $160. Christian Dior-New York hat of white kidskin. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Pigskin gloves: Crescendoe-Superb.

DAVID BAILEY

PRETTY SMASHING

This is the year when the way to look is pretty—forget about the shock-value of "interesting" and just concentrate every ounce of guile on being openly and shamelessly pretty.

Red velvet to the ground—that's one way to pull it off. Claret evening suit, *left*, pinked by satin. Bracelets of claret stones, rhinestones, gilt. Suit by Leonard Arkin, of Du Pont acetate and Narco rayon (fabric by Martin). About $145. This at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Halle Bros. Make-up based on Scandia's new Make-a-Tint in a colour called Japanese Tea; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelets by House of Joy.

Dog-tooth checks with new bite, *right*. A marvellous new cut-of coat with its own fling of scarf; bloused back, dog-leash belt and toggle buttons of black leather. By B.H.Wragge, black-and-white wool. About $160. Lipstick: Pink's Pink by Alexandra de Markoff. All at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Gus Mayer; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

More smashing new American clothes on the next four pages.

You can read this two ways in American—which is the fashion language spoken on these pages... as in pretty smashing (no question there); or pretty and smashing (these clothes give a lot, they cut a dash).

DAVID BAILEY

NIGHT TWISTS FOR WHITE

Flowering night-shape—all-over prettiness, at left. Spanish hand embroidery on a base of white silk. Its coefficient: a fringed stole of vermilion satin. Note the short set-in sleeves, a new look for evenings. Dress by Gustave Tassell of silk *peau d'ange*. At Bergdorf Goodman; Harold's; I. Magnin. The pale-blue kidskin gloves by Kislav.

Brilliant palazzo pyjamas of white silk brocade, at right, with long, flowing sleeves, loose cuffs, worn under a flaring silk brocade coat, drenched in yellow, lined in white, yoked, full right down to the ground. For self-indulgence at home. By Donald Brooks for Townley, of Onondaga fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus. Grenadier lipstick by Cyclax. Coiffures are by Kenneth.

DAVID BAILEY





SMASHING PINK

Nth-power pink wool—a simple integer of a dress, left, to wear days, late days. Sleevelessness slanting toward the shoulder, boat neck closed by a small, soft tie, perfectly foiled by a large-buckled, wide leather belt. By Jerry Silverman, in Anglo wool, loomed in America. About $70 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Miss Alice hat. Smashing Paisley evening dress in a torrid brocade print, at right, with a wide band at the neck and hem of multicoloured, incandescent stones. The waist is extended—a marvellous dress for a lithe figure. By Townley of patterned pink and red brocade of acetate, rayon, Lurex threads, and nylon (by Bucol). Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Burdine's. The gloves, pink silk jersey, by Viola Weinberger. At Henri Bendel. Coppola Toppo necklace. The coiffure by Enrico Caruso.



DAVID BAILEY





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE

Jacques Henri Lartigue had three remarkable qualities about 1911: he had an innocent eye, genius, and a camera. He was also fifteen years old. Now forty-three of his photographs, including this Parisienne, walking in the Bois de Boulogne in 1911, are on exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art, which has never shown one of the paintings by this still-living artist. (His paintings reveal none of the superb observation of his adolescent photography.) Born in 1896 near Paris, Lartigue belonged to a banking family with a special faculty for discovery. His grandfather was one of the inventors of the monorail system, a brother designed and built gliders and airplanes as early as 1908. While they invented, young Jacques invented a way, new for his time, of documenting beautiful women, marvellous machinery.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The slow rise of political temperatures, the breeze of warmth suddenly in the relationship between the Soviets and the U.S. . . . *The Group,* the new Mary McCarthy novel which must at times have been as much of a chore to write as it is to read. . . . The knock-out movie, *Lord of the Flies.* . . . Sheila, a baby-faced singer in France where her records sell as many as fifteen thousand a day to *les teen-agers,* the new take-over group who like to wear T-shirts, scrolled with *Salut les Copains.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the comedy, *The Workhouse Donkey* by John Arden, a young reticent playwright who sees the British as violent and amorous. . . . The quick jump of Big Business into aid for Negro higher education, shown by the great lift in donations to the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students. . . . The extravagant splurge of Delacroix in an extraordinary exhibition at the Louvre. . . . The little stabbings of wit, ending in a big gash, by the talented group (at New York's Upstairs at the Downstairs) who call their knuckle play, *Money.*

EDMUND WILSON

A rather reclusive, quiet man who stutters when he becomes excited, Edmund Wilson will this month receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Pretty free himself, Wilson has such a healthy disregard for the arbitrary bullying of the publishing industry that he manages to insist that all his books measure seven-and-a-half by four-and-a-half inches, which he, just as arbitrarily, considers the right size. Between his unmarked days as a Princeton student and his overbearing days as a Harvard professor (where he is no more) flowed some twenty-five books, the contents of which tend to overlap: in them, he studies, with the same rapt attention, everything from Emily Post to Leon Trotsky. To read, at one sitting, several decades' worth of his fugitive essays is to have the unsettling suspicion that the writer of those essays is not an individual at all but some elaborate projection of the American mind, from 1918 on. It has been Wilson's peculiar genius or peculiar curse exactly to mirror that mind, to have thought as the American middle-intelligentsia thought, straight down the line. He was at one with the troubled naïveté of *The New Republic;* he blended easily into the high polish of *Vanity Fair;* he was, later, tuned to the ponderous, leisurely prosperity of *The New Yorker.* In a sense he is a social historian; in a larger sense he is social history.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON



BEAUTY

BULLETIN

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF WIG-OWNING... AND WHAT TO EXPECT OF ANY HAIRPIECE YOU BUY

For wigs, please read (incorrectly but for our purposes conveniently) *any buyable form of extra hair*—whole heads of hair, whether real or fake, good or bad; and half-heads (or less) of hair, good or bad, real or fake, whether worn as an ornamental fantasy, as a part of a coiffure's charm, or for support in emergency. Actually, a wig is a wig is a wig; and a hairpiece is a portion of a wig. But we're taking them all on collectively here because we think there's too much that women don't know about them as a category—and because like silk jersey dresses and air-conditioning, they're twentieth centuriana, here to stay for a supremely reasonable reason: they perform usefully. If you doubt our word about the future of wigs, you might challenge a certain Frenchman named M. Leclebart whose factory in France, devoted entirely to wigmaking, has around eight hundred employees working full tilt right now; or ask a Miami-American named Rowland Schaefer whose business is wig business and whose rough estimate it is that the hairpiece business in the U. S. just might shade the $100,000,000 mark this year.

Our own view is that women ought to learn how to buy wigs, judge them, *caveat emptor* them, and care for them. They ought to know enough about them so that when they take them to their hairdressers for refurbishing—and this should be done *at least once every four to six weeks*—they can be as knowing about whether the job's been done correctly as they are when a dress comes back from a fitting room. Here's what we consider basic information:

• There are good wigs and hairpieces; there are "bad" ones. Each has its place—depending upon what you want. If all you ask of a wig or hairpiece is some slight face-saving or amusement, a cheap wig is perfectly thinkable. However, don't expect a roughly-made wig or, generally, a wig made out of synthetic material, to do what a lovingly-made wig of expensive, carefully-selected hair can do—namely, look like hair, act like hair, and last a very long time. (Hair doesn't age, we learned. A well-cared-for wig should last five to seven years; and one steadily-used chignon of our acquaintance dates back to the 1930's.)

• The expensive part of wigmaking or hairpiece-making is the labour—a little item not usually lavished on anything but good ingredients, which in turn means good hair worked on a good foundation. Good wigs and hairpieces are expensive, but bad wigs and hairpieces are not neces- (Continued on next page)

Three-piece hair; young beauty Like an Ingres subject, her hair done up in three neat, glossy bundles (it's all her own hair, but hairdressers are beginning to think this look with hairpieces), Allegra Caracciolo di Castegneto, who, young as she is (she made her début in Rome in May), is already a collected painter—Mrs. Giovanni Agnelli and David Niven have some of her abstract work. She is the daughter of Don and Donna Adolfo Caracciolo, the niece of Luchino Visconti; her looks—long neck, level eyes—are much admired. Lying in her arms like a fat rose, in the photograph at left, her pug Charlie.

KAREN RADKAI

Vogue's September 1 issue of the news in beauty products, fresh ways to think









International beauty shopping

The Swiss supply herbal oils and Alpine flowers for a tonic and cleanser; the French, a formula for moisturizing skin; Greece comes through with a herb collected for its "restorative powers," and Italy with an oil to soothe. That's the international background of a new group of skin-carers called The World of Beauty, by Michel. Lord & Taylor has.

New on the colour-wave, a two-in-one manoeuvre

Now there is a two-in-one hair colouring and wave-set lotion by Helene Curtis. It's called Bright Idea. Among the bright spots: it goes on with a sponge applicator that's attached to the top of the bottle, shampoos out on the first try, stays with you up to that point. Its aim is to highlight in a range from Golden Blonde to Black. One bottle does for six to eight applications.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

SPECIAL WORD ON HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF VELVET, ONE OF THIS SEASON'S MOST ALLURING IDEAS

The make-up for velvet goes this way:

Matte, matte, matte. Much as we love glow, this is one case where it doesn't apply. Good old Pan-Cake by Max Factor, buffed with hands, sponged with water, is unbeatable.





The new step in make-up: sculpture

Once you're at the point where you handle make-up easily, you're ready for this: a sophisticated further move designed to tone down unlovable areas—width of nose, cheek, jowl. To do it quickly, subtly, there is—coming soon from John Robert Powers—new Shadow Illusion, a slip-on shading cream in a tube.



sarily *in*expensive. (In the case of the latter, the wigseller himself may be quite innocent of malintent; certainly at shop counters where hairpieces are sold, not every salesgirl is a qualified appraiser able to spot the difference between the first-rate and the not-so-sensational.)

• If you're going to make a serious buy in wigs or hairpieces, make it your business to shop around a little. Explore three sources: the specialists, the hairdressers, the department stores —it's from one of these three sources you'll make your ultimate choice. Don't make the mistake of asking a friend to pick one up for you in Barcelona, Rome, or wherever; you ought to make your own choice (the happiest choice, invariably, is in *a shade to match your own hair*), and see to it that it fits. The fitting of a wig involves six measurements in millimetres —with one of the most crucial measurements of all the span between the tendons at the back of the neck. An elastic insert the exact length of that span is what keeps the wig from riding up.

• Learn the vocabulary of wiggery. A wig or hairpiece described as "ventilated" is extremely light (under three ounces), handmade, every inch of it—and you can't pay more ($350 to $1,200 is the range for a full wig of this breed). To make a ventilated wig or hairpiece, hair is threaded through a needle and the needle is pushed by hand to stitch the individual hair onto a net. On the other hand, a wig or hairpiece described as "wefted" can be very good or very bad, and while there's a great deal of variation in quality among the wefteds, the working principle is the same. A thick fringe of hair is formed by the tying of hair to a fine hair-rope (the combination looks like a giant fake eyelash). The fringe is then sewn round and round onto a net base in what appears to be an endless convolution. If the stitches are delicate and nicely-finished, if the convolutions are carefully spaced to cover the foundation lightly but thoroughly, the resulting wig is a very good wefted wig, and like a well-worked mink, it will have to be moderately expensive. (At least it can't be cheap.) If the stitching is coarse, possibly even sloppy, the resulting wefted wig or hairpiece ought to have a lowish price tag. In any case, even though a good wefted wig can't give itself airs, can't technically call itself ventilated, it can be quite airy and cool. Its probable weight is around four ounces; its top price, somewhere in the $200 to $300 neighbourhood.

• How can you tell whether the hair itself is good? Good hair is pleasant to the touch; not glassy (Continued on page 242)

The real rose is in perfume; not in the perfected, hybridized flower of the florist. Colette, in her flower album, wrote of rose admirers, "They gaze upon your charms through plate-glass windows. They sigh, they are able to enumerate your finer points in covetous detail, speak of your shape and the severe rolling back of your petals imposed by hybridization. I think they look back regretfully, as I do, to the blessed times of your imperfections." For roses caught at the peak of their fragrance, roses raised for scent alone, there are these perfumes to think about: Joy by Patou, La Rose by Marcel Rochas, Moroccan Rose by Tuvaché, as well as the rose and jasmine Joya by Myrurgia, and Gamin by Carmel Myers. At right, with flower, a little girl in a bleached white Tibetan lamb jacket. By Walt Stiel. At De Pinna. Stretch pants by Weather Winky, at Altman's.







LOUIS FAURER

The long rangy wools

Now that clothes are in sympathy with the figure again, a certain group (masculine) may find the language of fashion easier to understand (even if they don't speak it so fluently). And this, too, is a faction that has never failed to respond to the deliberately decorative gesture. Such a gesture: the tall sheltering collars that are stirring upward from so many of the new fashions. Long drink of wool, far left. Longitude '63 but no flatitude. Instead a rangy roundness of jacket with a tall funnelled collar and a horseshoe shape to the shoulders that's fresh clover to the eye. By Scaasi, in green-and-taupe Anglo wool, loomed in America. Suit and Fownes gloves at Henri Bendel. Suit at Nan Duskin; Bramson's. Suède hat by Emme. New close-up, left. A dress that's neither shirtwaist nor shift but one long rakish impression of narrowness from uprising collar to hem. This, by Adele Simpson in plum-coloured English wool, about $110. Dress and the Hattie Carnegie pin, at Bergdorf Goodman. The dress, also at L.S. Ayres; Dayton's; I. Magnin. The hat by Sally Victor. The feckless fall of hair so exactly right here, and on the next two pages, has been accomplished with some locks-on-a-bandeau by Elizabeth Arden.



LOUIS FAURER

The long rangy wools

Now it seems that the lanky American is looking more like herself, in clothes with less mannerism, plenty of bravura, and more emotional appeal. The wools that will be out walking this September won't be fitted. Won't be fitless. But simply exist in close sympathy with the body all the way. Suit jackets are long-drawn, rangy, with tall collars sometimes, long skinny sleeves incessantly. And tweeds are in an untrusty mood; in cut deliciously more wild than mild. Picaresque tartan, far left. A larky coatdress with fringe blowing in the wind. And beyond the fringe: coiny buttons; happy coincidence fitting and, of course, the long arms of fashion. By Miss Georgia in greening wool plaid; about $55. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Woolf Brothers; Frost Bros. Bergère necklace. Suède dome: Sally Victor. The shirt suit, left, involves both an extremely new look and a new, headlong gesture. Nine-tenths of the look is an unstuffy shirt that pulls on overhead (how it comes off requires: ingenuity; a little bit of luck; and perhaps some practice sessions). Also on view: the collar of a chocolate silk crêpe overblouse and a flicker of skirt. By Eric Lund in brown-and-white Otterburn wool tweed. At Henri Bendel; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney; Neiman-Marcus. Van Raalte kidskin gloves. The brown suède billycock hat: Emme.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD ON "IMAGES" BY CECIL BEATON

Trick photographs—I mean, the visual jokes or epigrams made by montage, distorting lenses, and enlarged grains—are nearly always a bore. What is being superimposed is merely the photographer's idea of wit. You must either accept it or leave it alone. Such pictures are stunts, nothing more. You look at them for a few seconds each, once.

The pictures in Cecil Beaton's extraordinary book, *Images*, are of another order, altogether. They have nothing to do with this kind of trickiness. You do not feel that Beaton set out to create a preconceived effect. On the contrary, his effects are discoveries made at the end of long explorations and after much trial and error. I know nearly nothing about the techniques of photography. But Beaton told me one fact which seems to me, as a layman, most significant: that his best results were achieved by superimpositions of the same negative, not of two or more different negatives. That is to say, the simple air produced its own variations; the complex end result had symmetry and harmony precisely because it was arrived at from a single simple photograph. And so we come back to the word exploration. Here are records of journeys made from the bright surface world of things-as-they-normally-appear into the dark hinterland, the exciting, beautiful, and sometimes terrifying interior.

There are pictures which give you the excitement of a new psychological insight. So often the human face is like a bill which has been wrongly added up. We glance at the total only, and the total is incorrect. Beaton, by multiplying the items of the bill, the features, invites us to re-examine them; meanwhile, he has distorted the once-familiar total into something strange and not easily legible. In one portrait, for example, the bright eyes of dishonesty are shockingly revealed; deserted by their nose and mouth they can no longer persuade us that the bill adds up to a total of innocent boyish charm. Again, many of us must have looked at Beaton's original portrait of Auden and read off a total impression of sadness; a fine, nobly-weathered face, we have said to ourselves, and how he must have suffered! But now, in this complex image of that portrait, we discover our error in addition. The five eyes of Auden are wise, deep-seeing, quite without anxiety, perfectly calm—they are not sad at all.

And now we come to the transformations, the major hallucinations of this interior world. Here is Anna Magnani—is this some weirdly magnified insect or majestic plumed bird of the innermost forest? Even the eyes are unrecognizable; and they are not the eyes of a woman. We are getting in very deep, now. Beauty has become bizarre, faintly sinister. Somebody—and it is certainly not Beaton—seems to be mocking us from behind these images; seems to be saying, "Did you really imagine that you knew me? You know one of my masks, only. Here is another. And I have thousands."

Those who have taken the drugs of hallucination, such as mescalin or lysergic acid, will probably be reminded of their experiences. Some of these pictures give you an impression of intense vibration and blurring, as though the originally known object were slipping off its wave length to become invisible, or maybe to take you with it into a universe on a higher frequency, which may or may not be pleasant. I remember how once, when I had taken mescalin and was just beginning to feel its effects, I unhooked a painting from the wall and put it away in a closet, remarking, "This might give us some trouble, later." I can not explain exactly what I meant by this, but I remember how the painting made me feel.

The more one looks into these pictures, the more one discovers in them. And if we find, as well as beauty and psychological insight, some hints that our daily world is not what we pretend it is—if these hints disturb us and make us unsure of our accepted images—well, what else is art for?

W. H. Auden ... "The five eyes of Auden are ... quite without anxiety..."

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "IMAGES," TO BE PUBLISHED THIS WINTER IN LONDON





T. S. Eliot... "A closely guarded, highly sophisticated instrument, with scanners discreetly revolving to detect attack from any imaginable quarter."

Anna Magnani... "Is this some weirdly magnified insect...?"



Greta Garbo... "The great eyes ascend, ascend, along lines that diverge toward infinity. This is the vertigo you get when you look sheer up a skyscraper from the sidewalk."





SHINY BLACK: AS BRIGHT AS DAY



When the lights go up on the evenings ahead which colour will generate the most electricity? Glimmer, darkle, phosphoresce? It looks from here (and the next eight pages) as if the most vivid colour in any room is going to be a new kind of black that's bright as day. A most unsinister trench coat, left, of alligator-shiny black ciré, makes a killing over a little white dinner wool. The costume by Adele Simpson, at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Vendôme necklaces. Black velvet hat, by Miss Alice. Coin dots invest a brocade dining-out suit, right, with a tinkling glitter. The rest of the gleam is supplied by a white crêpe pull. By Harrods about $170. Hattie Carnegie pin. Both at Altman's. Suit, also Harzfeld's; Best's Apparel. The velvet dome, by Mr. John.

BERT STERN

THE POWER OF SHINY BLACK:

You've seen it happen: someone beckoning furiously for attention and someone else standing dead still and getting the eye. That's black's particular trick too. Even more sure to work with the new fabric devices of bubble and shine. The shiny shirtwaist, left. Deep sweater-pull and sireny skirt in a heady black matelassé, phosphoresced with glimmer. By Branell, of Petillault fabric; about $235. Gleam in massed formation by Apex Art. Dress and necklaces at Best & Co. Dress, also at Gus Mayer; Al Rosenthal. Black takes a dare, right. When it's long-sleeved, day-skirted, cut with the tremendous assurance of a new bubbly black material, *then* you should dare this neckline for a very gala evening. By Sarmi, in silk-rayon-nylon-and-cotton matelassé (Orceyre fabric). The ropy necklaces, tied in a bow: seedling pearls and flashing stones, by Eisenberg. Dress and blaze at Henri Bendel. Dress: I. Magnin. Both pages: Miss Alice hat.



SHINY BLACK: BANKED FIRES

There's never been the slightest doubt that black and white make a powerful blaze of fashion. But this time they're really out to ensnare. Left and right here, white ignites the most fiery, shining black. The nonesuch black, left. Straw has seen many forms, but none more alluring than this mad glisten of straw-thatched black fabric trailing over a long dress of white matelassé crêpe. By Werlé. Rayon-and-cellophane coat; Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon dress (Onondaga fabric). Brania bracelet. All: De Pinna. Costume at Blum's, Chicago; Bullock's-Wilshire. The attracting opposites, right. Black vinyl, spun out of a laboratory, finds thick white wool spun by Irish hands at home —exactly right for each other. By Ellen Brooke; top of General Tire vinyl by Fleming-Joffe, about $80; skirt about $70. Jewellery by K. J. L. All at Lord & Taylor. Costume: Halle Bros.; Hudson's.

BERT STERN

BERT STERN



SHINING: THE CRACK OF BLACK

Any one of these *shapes* could step forth at the crack of dawn. None of these *clothes* could. Shiny black is the difference that makes all the difference between night and day, rousing a late-day look that's wildly important now, immediately alluring. Time for dinner, left. You know this great shape by day: shirt collar, cuffed sleeves on a rangy pullover, a lank of skirt. Now at the crack of shimmery black it goes over to the night people. By Harvey Berin in Rhodia acetate and wool; about $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Makoff. Eisenberg necklace. The fashionable creature, below left. One of fashion's favourite animals, alligator, has been imagined in some highly polished fabric, cut into a pure little double-breasted suit. The white crêpe blouse has a cowled neckline. By Jack Sarnoff in acetate, cotton, Crylor, nylon (Labbey fabric). Henri Bendel. The unbeatable glimmer, right. The smoulder of black velvet, one of the most ancient lures of all in an easy little two-piece dress; its back, low, squared, devastating. By Leslie Fay of Avisco rayon; about $35. Richelieu necklaces. All Lord & Taylor. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field; Hudson's; Bullock's, Downtown. Both pages: Mr. John hats.



THE VIVID PLEASURE OF BLACK

When the pleasure of your company is requested for a small evening in, or at an In restaurant out, the idea is to dress simply but not too quietly. There's nothing the least bit diffident about these diners-out; hats on, jewels on the quite-a-lot side. Knitted All, left. Merely the slashed neckline, black-tie bow plus Black, and this is It for late-day. By Kimberly, in wool; $50. K. J. L. earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Hat by Adolfo. The soft answer is black, right. Dress with all the pleasant gestures: upward neckline; upward (Empirish) waistline; skirt with moving-around room. By Highlight in Or de Laine wool. About $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's. Hat by Adolfo. Black, plainly gala, far right. A perfectly non-obvious way to dress up: over an easy skirt, a sleeveless jerkin with a wide-open neckline pulled to one side by a flat, fat bow. By Mollie Parnis, of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon (Onondaga fabric); about $125. Marvella necklace. Both: Lord & Taylor; dress, also at Hutzler's. Mr. John hat. All coiffures, these ten pages, were planned by Mr. Victor Friedman of Kenneth's. All the gloves, same pages, by Crescendoe-Superb, at Lord & Taylor.

BERT STERN





THE IMPROBABLE DOMESTIC BACKDROP, THE LIFE, OF THE WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL WRITER OF THRILLERS—THE JAMES BOND BOOKS.

THE IAN FLEMINGS

BY ROBERT HARLING

I will start somewhere near the beginning of the legend as it came my way.

During the war, Ian Fleming, as Personal Assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence, fathered and was put in charge of one of those private "armies" apparently inseparable from modern war, although Hannibal was doubtless plagued by them; Nelson, too. This unit, of which I was a member, was known generally as 30 A U, more formally as No. 30 Assault Unit, and finally, as No. 30 Advance Unit, and was organized as a result of the direful experiences of the British in the battle for Crete, when a similar German unit captured valuable British secret material. The British, always ready to learn, however late, decided to copy this rewarding notion. Fleming maintained close control over 30 A U, a necessary procedure, for members of the unit sometimes seemed to think that the war was being waged for their particular entertainment.

On one of Fleming's visits to the unit, in company with his chief, Vice-Admiral Rushbrooke, permission for 30 A U to operate with American advance troops under General Patton's command was suddenly deemed necessary. Off we went. Patton was in one of his more histrionic moods. Like Garrick playing Hotspur or Massey playing Lincoln, he strode before us, explaining how he would pip the Allied Commanders to Berlin. Later, over our K rations, under an intoxicating euphrasy induced partly by Patton and partly by Calvados, the end of the war seemed imminent, I asked Fleming what he would then do. He replied simply and grandiloquently: "I shall write the spy story to end all spy stories."

I thought this was a bit steep but let it go.

Nobody, of course, had better grounding for the task. Before the war he had worked as a special correspondent for Reuters and *The Times*. He had served under two Directors of Naval Intelligence. He had taught himself to write a spare and simple prose. Above all, he knew how fictionally preposterous are the true espionage stories. Altogether, a reasonably factual springboard later for his own brand of fantasy.

But all this was long ago. Twenty years. And the James Bond books didn't start appearing until ten years later. By then he was doing a fair-sized job as Foreign Manager of *The Sunday Times* and other newspapers, owned at that time by Lord Kemsley and now by Roy Thomson. In between he got married and that was a fair-sized job, too. As Fleming is, in spite of physical vigour and other outward appearances, a somewhat idle fellow, these, allied with these other activities, all helped to postpone the Bond saga.

He published *Casino Royale* in 1953, its successors at yearly intervals. Another has just gone to his publishers. The demand for them is apparently insatiable and world wide.

In the course of this melodrama of success, Fleming has changed very little—physically, mentally, and all the rest. He has put on a few pounds and slowed down a few steps, but he remains what he was, a tallish man with black hair, now touched by grey, above a dark-skinned, strong-featured, deep-lined face. His eyes are blue and of a sharp and gay intensity. When moody or broody, he can look somewhat sombre and threatening, but the mood soon goes. Merriment will out.

He dresses well but simply. Navy-blue suits, heavy in winter, lightweight in summer. Blue shirts, black-and-white spotted bow tie, very occasionally a striped club tie. His suits and shirts are made, his casual shoes—he eschews buttons and laces—bought off the rack. In common with most Englishmen, he hates shopping and always seems mildly intimidated by salesmen, whether in gunsmith's or shoe shops. At week-ends, he exchanges these scarcely formal London clothes for a simple wardrobe of pull-overs, hounds-tooth tweed trousers, and nut-brown leather casuals.

He is no fancy dresser, but is interested in his clothes and even more interested, perhaps, in the clothes of his friends, especially when touched by any dash of eccentricity. Being a direct man by nature, he is prepared to point out these oddities. "Why that high-buttoned Italian jacket?" he will say. "Carrying a gun or bicycle chain?," the latter being amongst the more fashionable and lethal weapons sported currently by London thugs. (Continued on page 226)

Opposite, Ian Fleming, James Bond's creator, with something both he and Bond know a lot about, a gun. This one from Fleming's collection is a Ruger Super Black Hawk .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Among the oddments in a glass bowl on Fleming's dressing table: a Junior G-Man badge, a magnifying glass, first-aid dressings, scissors, Chap Stick, and a motley assortment of cigarette holders.

Two important men in Fleming's life: sculptured in brass, Admiral Lord Nelson; in a photograph, Fleming's father, Major Valentine Fleming, M.P., who was killed in World War I.





THE IAN FLEMINGS *continued*



Fleming's bedroom, above, has walls papered in bottle green, and such interesting bookmates as A Walk on the Wild Side *and* Firearms Curiosa; *on the round table beside the bed,* Lectures on Psychical Research; *on the table in the foreground,* Dangerous Marine Animals; Northern Underground; Science and History. *On the bookshelves on the right: some of the Fleming collection of black basalt Wedgwood busts. The bedspread is a heavy needleworked portrait of "Regina Victoria, 1875."*

Fleming with Ruger .44. As in his freshly exciting Bond book, On Her Majesty's Secret Service, *the reader gets the point.*

NORMAN PARKINSON

VOGUE, September 1, 1963



THE IAN FLEMINGS *continued*

Opposite, Mrs. Ian Fleming, "dark, handsome, highly strung."
Left, Fleming leaving his supercharged Studebaker Avanti in front of his Regency house in London.

During his brief sojourns in winter London, he adds a fairly exotic black-and-white check tweed overcoat to his outdoor accoutrements, but almost always carries his hat, a battered soft black felt, which, when worn in a sudden shower, is seen to be a sinister rakish headpiece that would arouse George Raft's envy. He professes to have reduced his wardrobe to the essential elements suitable for a man of sophistication and modest self-esteem, but one or two of his friends suspect that he occasionally hankers after a more exuberant wardrobe.

Because the minutiae of the so-called sophisticated manner seem to preoccupy Fleming in all his books, many critics have accused him of snobbery of a fairly material order, but Fleming is incapable of the self-conscious imprisoning dedication needed for snobbery. He doubtless has his personal alleyways of snobbery (who hasn't?), but they would take a lot of unravelling and are not very obvious. In any case, leanings towards snobbery are usually attributes of those lacking in self-confidence or vitality (not always related qualities) and Fleming has an abundance of nervous vitality and is, above all, natural in his dealings with all, friends, acquaintances, enemies, bores, and nobodies. His voice is straightforward, English, unaffected. So, too, is his laughter. So, too, is his genial disregard for other people's feelings. Scarcely the ideal equipment in any approach to snobbery.

The interest of James Bond in the subtleties of food, wines, guns, cars, and the other material oddments of the high life, with which his critics make much play, are not stressed in Fleming's own existence. His breakfast is based upon good coffee and honey. The honey is Norwegian, which may sound esoteric but is not: he simply regards this Scandinavian variety as the best for his palate. His favourite midday meal in his favourite restaurant, Scotts at Piccadilly Circus, starts with a large Martini, followed by a dozen Colchester oysters (which he prefers because they are the biggest and the best) plus a Guinness, followed by a Scotch woodcock, which is just scrambled eggs topped by crossed anchovies. On a fiendishly wintry day he will be likely to choose steak, kidney, and oyster pudding—quite a dish. He also likes fillets of fish, grilled or *meunière*. Like any Englishman knowledgeable about food, he prefers plaice to sole, for it is a more succulent fish, although cheaper than sole. He has no sweet tooth, rarely tastes cheese, and, like most heavy smokers, is no trencherman, despite the fact that his housekeeper, Mrs. Crickmere, is one of the best cooks in London. Fleming is no wine drinker either. He prefers Martinis midday and, in the evening, fairly stiff potions of brandy and gingerale or, not the drink of his forefathers, Scotch, but bourbon and water. He smokes too heavily. His cigarettes are made for him, not exclusively, of course, but he is against any of the well-known mass-production brands. He would like to cut down his smoking, but there it is.

He has always been interested in motorcars, personally and generally. Before the war he had a deep regard for the Invicta (now no longer made) and the Le Mans Bentley models. He has been through a tidy postwar collection. At first, they were British models, and even, for one day, a Daimler, but on his wife's flick-knife remark that he looked rather like the late Queen Mary inside it, he swapped it forthwith for a racier model and has stayed racy ever since, moving steadily through the Detroit range of Thunderbirds to his present supercharged Studebaker Avanti. He also has considerable respect for the Mercedes stable, but thinks top handmade English cars are apt to be too fussy.

He has written at length about his passion for guns. This derives partly from schoolboy hangover stuff, and partly because he has enormous respect for all beautiful handmade objects, whether simple-seeming but complex steely mechanisms made to kill or enamelled golden Fabergé objects made to captivate.

Part of the recondite expertise which he provides in his books and which drives his critics into apoplexy derives from his deep-foraging interest in other people's offbeat jobs. He will dig relentlessly away at the professional know-how of gunsmith, wrestler, geisha girl, engine driver, deep-sea diver, croupier, matrimonial agent, tightrope walker, or steeplejack. And as almost anybody will willingly talk about his job, Fleming gets his data.

He can not bear to be bored. He likes companionship—on his terms. In spite of his obvious attraction to and for women, he prefers the company of men. He has an enormously juvenile sense of humour, and takes delight in bizarre tales with prosaic endings or *vice versa*, especially if the tales are of happenings to his friends. He readily appreciates a droll tale or quip: a friend confessing to "angst in his pants"; another's contention that every French youth of sixteen owns three objects: " a moustache, a mistress, and a hoop."

Fleming loves his friends dearly, particularly if they make no demands upon him. A reasonable request, for he makes no demands on them, apart from a hope for entertainment, and of this he gives as good as he gets. He keeps his disparate friends away from each other and they rarely meet. He has, say, a couple of friends in each of his several worlds: golf, journalism, gambling, Boodle's (one of the half-dozen leading London clubs), publishing, finance. He spaces out his luncheons with them so that neither side is bored by too frequent a rendezvous. These meals and their pre-planning are important to him, though in general he prefers to eat alone. So, too, is the spacing-out and distance-keeping, for, although to his friends he is a (Continued on page 239)

NORMAN PARKINSON



LUNCHEON FOR FOUR

COLD LEMON SOUP
Sesame seed biscuits

SOLE WITH ANCHOVY SAUCE*

BOILED CUCUMBERS
Thin rye bread, buttered

MIXED LETTUCE SALAD
French dressing

STRAWBERRIES WITH
PRALINE CREAM*

WINE: CHABLIS

You are faced with the universal problem. Your cook, when she came to you, said she was a plain cook, but plain was not the word. She had only a vague idea of how to fry an egg.

So you were forced, once again, back into the kitchen. She was willing enough, you taught her by repeated trial and error, how to time a fish, or boil a cucumber. But for anything festive, it was you, among your pots and pans.

At nine o'clock, this luncheon morning, you made the dessert. At ten you made the soup. At twelve you prepared the fish for the oven, at twelve-thirty you beat up the anchovy sauce. You fixed the salad, you cut the bread. And you prayed that everything would turn out right at one.

And it did. Wonderfully right. So right, in fact, that at the end of a week your cook failed to show up. And you learned, with mixed feelings of glee, that one of your luncheon guests had stolen her away from you with a great rise in salary.

SOLE WITH ANCHOVY SAUCE

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

2 pounds fillet of sole
2 tablespoons melted butter
Squeeze of lemon
Bread crumbs
½ pint heavy cream
Heaping tablespoon anchovy paste

Arrange fillet of sole, cut in serving pieces, on a greased cookie sheet. Pour a little melted butter over it, give it a squeeze of lemon and a mild shake of bread crumbs. Put in a 350° oven and bake until done, about 15 minutes.

Anchovy Sauce: Whip cream until stiff and then fold into it the anchovy paste. Mix thoroughly and, of course, serve separately.

THE SNAPPER: Heavy whipped cream with anchovy paste.

STRAWBERRIES WITH PRALINE CREAM

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

2 or 3 boxes strawberries with stems
6 egg yolks
1½ cups sugar
¾ cup flour
2 cups hot milk
½ cup almonds, chopped
½ cup hazelnuts, chopped
Kirsch

Make a pastry cream: beat egg yolks and ½ cup sugar violently. Then mix in flour. Pour over this gradually hot milk, and pour all into a double boiler. Stir this constantly with a wooden spoon until it is thick and creamy. Then cool it. *Make praline powder:* chop almonds and hazelnuts. Dry them for a few minutes in the oven. Melt remaining sugar in a pan. When just melted, and before it begins to colour, add the nuts. Pour immediately onto a large, flat, buttered surface—a cookie sheet or a piece of marble. When it is cold, break up and pound enough of the praline in a mortar to make ½ cup of powder. Pour this into the pastry cream and mix well. To serve, give each guest a number of kirsch-sprinkled strawberries and a dish of the praline cream. To eat, dip each strawberry into the cream.

THE SNAPPER: Making your own praline powder.

THE PRETTY IDEA:

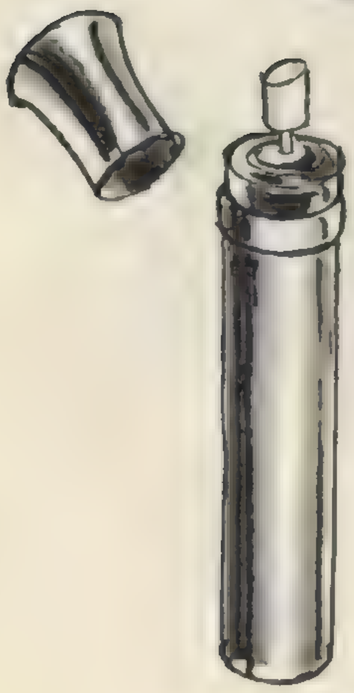
current beauty-thinking on the subject



Pretty, pretty, pretty—we can't say it often enough: the woman who's glowingly, bloomingly, wildly pretty has this season's most attractive fashion asset. Has, too—lucky girl—all the beauty-brains working for her. Lilly Daché, for one, has been dispensing prettiness for years—from her boutique (where the jewelled jacket, above, may be found); from her salon; over the counter. Among the encouragements there, the products shown on this page: a nugget-sized gilded pot of Rouge Soufflé—the softest blush of colour. A finger-long gilded flacon of Hair Styling Mist for the purse, a larger version for the dressing table, both to be filled from an enormous container of same. A baroque pot filled with a combination moisturizer and skin smoother called Crème Biogenique. Daché, by the way, was one of the first to hit on the idea of glowing up cosmetics with pearls, and the results are the basis of her Pearl Powder Magic, and the liquid foundation, Pearls Aglow. All, at Bloomingdale's.













RAY PORTER



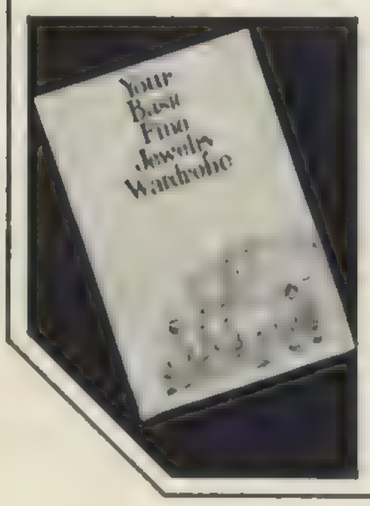
Barrel-sleeved and cuffed two piece dress by Bud Kilpatrick "starred" with diamonds and sapphires set in platinum

Diamonds on the cuff?

How avante-garde! Or...is it? Do you dare? Sometimes it is difficult to be certain when it comes to fashion points in wearing fine jewelry. *What are the fine jewelry pieces you should own to accessorize every manner of costume? When (and how) should each be worn? Where? How much need you spend for each jewelry piece?* To make these questions less perplexing, the American Gem Society* has prepared a helpful booklet—YOUR BASIC FINE JEWELRY WARDROBE. It lists all this information, plus serving as a check list—and gift hint—for your own collection. Why not send for your free copy, today. (Diamonds on the cuff? Fashion shouts "hooray" and nods an amiable head to this daring bit of avante-garde.)

*The American Gem Society is composed of jewelers selected because of their gem knowledge and for their commendable business ethics. You'll find them throughout the United States and Canada.

AGS AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY
3142 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.



DON'T DELAY—MAIL TODAY
American Gem Society
3142 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send my free copy of YOUR BASIC FINE JEWELRY WARDROBE, telling me the when, where and how of wearing fine jewelry, plus other interesting information and list of member firms. No obligation, of course.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

le
voici !

Dior
lipstick
made in France



(Continued from page 183)

The transformation of lunatic into luminary is easily demonstrated in the field of literature. Since the 1880's the so-called "little magazine" has been the medium for unproved writing. "Little magazines," the authors of a study which appeared in 1947, analyzing such publications, write, "are willing to lose money, to court ridicule, to ignore public taste, willing to do almost anything—steal, beg, or undress in public—rather than sacrifice their right to print good material. . . ." Their purpose is "to print artistic work which for reasons of commercial expediency is not acceptable to the money-minded periodicals or presses," to carry forward a "spirit of conscientious revolt against the guardians of public taste." to attack "conventional modes of expression," and to bring "into the open new and unorthodox literary theories and practices." Most contemporary poets, and many novelists, now accepted and famous were introduced in these, usually short-lived, publications: among them are T. S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, Robert Frost, E. E. Cummings, Ernest Hemingway, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg, and so on and on. But just as Duchamp, who exhibited a urinal in 1917, now holds an honorary degree from a mid-Western university, the circle of acceptance for these writers expanded until they are now universally revered, if not widely understood.

The plastic arts differ from the literary arts in their dependence upon dealers and collectors. Trade in uncommissioned works of art, which began in sixteenth-century Florence, had all but replaced direct patronage by the nineteenth century. From the first days of the modern movement liaisons between avant-garde artists and collectors existed. There has always been a rapport between the avant-garde and wealthy devotees of "high culture" but, at least at first, the collectors were as atypical as the eccentrics they befriended. Their love of new art was a deviation from, rather than an affirmation of, class values.

The connection between the avant-garde and politics has always been problematical. The Zurich Dadas of 1916 were anti-war littérateurs. Certain of the Dadas and Surrealists were Communists. Yet it is evident in retrospect that metaphysical idealism rather than dialectical materialism was the major philosophical penchant of Dada, as one can judge by the naturalism of Jean Arp, the romantic *Merz* pictures and assemblages of Kurt Schwitters, and the writings of both artists. The curious anomaly of Picasso—a professed Communist living high on a pinnacle of capitalist admiration—demonstrates the odd, or nonexistent, radical politics/radical art connection.



Kurt Schwitters, "Merz Construction," 1919.

During the 1930's in New York, as the sculptor Seymour Lipton once remarked in conversation, there was "a sort of mystical union between art and politics." A society of abstract painters existed, but because of the propaganda for Social Realism, abstract painting was an unappreciated, if not an underground, activity. The Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact, signed in August 1939, turned out to be the Magna Carta of the American abstract artist. Its outcome, vastly accelerated by the flight of great European avant-gardists to New York—Hitler's gift to American art—was the consolidation of the American avant-garde. For more than ten years following the Second World War the "New York School"—active, it must be emphasized, from Provincetown to San Francisco—was a powerful, uncompromising, and authentic vanguard movement. For a marvellous decade, the American avant-garde was unhampered by Stalinist domination without being demoralized by lionization.

The dilemma that began the years of aesthetic freedom is painfully evident in an article by Robert Motherwell, the most articulate spokesman for the "New York School," written in the crucial year 1944. "The history of modern art," he said, "tends at certain moments to become the history of human freedom. It is here that there is a genuine rapport between the artist and the working class. At the same time, modern artists have not a social but an individualist experience of freedom: this is the source of the irreconcilable conflict between the Surrealists and the political parties of the working class." Three years later, a statement of policy in the single issue of a little magazine called *Possibilities I*, edited by Motherwell and Harold Rosenberg, spoke for artists and writers who practise in their work "their own experience



Robert Motherwell, "Elegy to the Spanish Republic, 54," 1957-61. Collection, The Museum of Modern Art.

without seeking to transcend it in academic, group, or political formulas." The statement concluded: "Political commitment in our times means logically—no art, no literature. . . . If one is to continue to paint or write . . . he must perhaps have the extremist faith in sheer possibility."

Just over a decade later the impact of American abstract painting and sculpture had been felt throughout the Western, and part of the Eastern, art worlds.

In combination with its European equivalents, Abstract Expressionism became the most widely-spread international style in history.

The steps in the expanding adoption of avant-gardism can be visualized in a diagram of concentric circles. At its centre is the "additional element"—an innovation around which a new style, concept, or orientation forms. The next ring includes a beleaguered in-group of sympathizers, odd-ball patrons, critics, perhaps an exceptional curator, and a dealer or two. The professional avant-garde, which has burgeoned almost beyond control over the last fifteen years, makes up the next circle. Its expansion preceded the astounding rise in the cost of art works that began about 1955. The committed art instructor, with his battery of slides and prints, did a brilliant job of mass education. At first most art historians, especially in the Ivy League schools, were holdouts; but as older professors were replaced and new courses were added, the atmosphere of American universities changed—it can be said with due recognition of *arrière-garde* dissenters—from distaste to sympathy.

In the museums, curators and even trustees moved from conservative to radical sympathies, while more and more graduate students, trained under new conditions, gained positions of importance on museum staffs. A third medium that raised the modern artists' status was the press. After the thirties, while the little magazine was moving toward extinction, *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, and other mass-circulation magazines (which will probably always care more for what is controversial than for what is important) gradually abandoned a cliché of snide Philistinism for open-minded journalism that rises on occasion to a nonpartisan consideration rare in the more sectarian professional journals. Back in the thirties colour reproductions of French painting, usually representational, were clipped religiously from *Vanity Fair* by modern-art *aficionados*. Today the pages of Vogue and other such magazines are open wide to almost any current manifestation.

Book publishing proliferated at the same rate. Essential documents of modern art, often with artists as editors, began to be published in New York in the mid-forties. Since then art books have expanded in numbers, distribution, lavishness, and physical size until it has become impossible to scan all their colour reproductions, let alone read them through. "They are no longer bought to place on the cocktail table," somebody remarked recently, "they *are* the cocktail table."

A final stage in the ascent of avant-garde art from the lower reaches of society to its glass-walled summits is its adoption as decoration and public relations by large corporations, usually in the form of painting and sculpture displayed in public rooms and offices—although the granting of major commissions has been slowed more by the non-cooperation of artists and architects than by unwillingness on the part of business patrons.

Only one conclusion can be drawn from this random citation of data: in large centres, if not in the outposts, the battle for avant-garde art has already been won. It is a droll historical reversal to see so many members of a caste once predominantly hostile—professors, museum directors, curators, trustees, and other representatives of the Establishment—travelling back and forth like Byzantine bishops on missions devoted to the people committed, by tradition at least, to undermining everything official.

A parallel *bouleversement* is taking place in the initiation of new art movements. For the first few years after the war abstraction took root largely through its own inner energy, and gained supporters as it grew. Today movements are dreamed up, launched with Scotch, vodka, and buckets of ice, labelled and spoon-fed by promoters, publicity agents, critics, collectors-gone-pro, canny investors, and editors.

The outer circle of integration could be labelled "fashionable commercialism." A few years ago the contest between innovation in art and sophisticated taste was a race in which the artists were always ahead; now, for the first time, leaders and followers are neck and neck. In the past even the most advanced audience drew back momentarily from certain innovations—of the new, indoctrinated following, this is no longer true. They have learned that any eye-catching image or object that looks tasteless, blatant, banal, annoying, or even disgusting—that subverts or contradicts everything once considered sacred—should be embraced at all costs. Especially at all costs! As a bewildered letter writer to a West Coast magazine summed up: "I am now convinced that the true mission of art is to stink."

New manifestations now appear with such regularity and rapidity that the professional or collector who wants to remain in style must switch quickly: adherence to the scene—as in the love relationships of *nouvelle vague* movies—does not allow for abiding attachments. A new enthusiasm must be permitted to obliterate or overshadow the preceding one: it is as if one felt compelled to shift from Presbyterianism to health food to Zen to Castroism to Birchism from month to month, depending on which gets the greatest play. Like a woman who chases the "new look" in clothes whether or not it fits her figure, one must replace ideologies indiscriminately. As in automobiles

(Continued on page 232)

le
voilà !

Dior
nail enamel
made in France





Year of the great coat. Arthur Jablow captures a trend for Sakowitz, with a gentle back fullness and high closing. Marvelous Linton wool tweed in new fall colors of stone green, pink or blue. Sizes 6 to 12, 245.00.

Sakowitz
HOUSTON

(Continued from page 231)

and dishwashers, it would appear, obsolescence is now built into new forms. Apparently recognizing this trend a few artists —perhaps they are the truest avant-gardists—use the cheapest and most perishable materials, in a form of symbolic suicide named by an English worker in nylon and acid "autodestructive art." Others fabricate objects severe or unattractive enough, perhaps, to turn away the most ardent lover of the new.

The greatest masters—Leonardo, Rembrandt, Goya, Rodin, Beethoven, Cézanne—have been philosophers in a medium other than words. It is to the credit of the twentieth century that the artist-philosopher became characteristic. Kandinsky, Klee, Brancusi, Malevich, Mondrian, and in America Hans Hofmann and Mark Tobey—to mention a few instances among many—carried forward the fertile alliance between image making and insight. And no group of artists was ever more pointedly committed to art for its own sake, to serious art, to "high" art, than the first generation of New York School painters and sculptors. Art for them was a commitment not subject to the compromises of common business and social life. Some publicized artists of the newest movements, on the contrary, seem to have scrapped these standards and aims. We have bred new types: the artist wit, the artist punster, the artist vaudevillian, and the canonized commercial illustrator.

Contrary to the Romantic notion of the inevitable emergence of genius, environment has a powerful effect on the maturation of a young artist. Total discouragement can stunt his growth; but also, like a balloon inflating, his development can be punctured from all sides by indiscriminate and speculative attention; or, the outside pressure of alienation suddenly replaced by modish acceptance, his bubble can burst.

The future takes form in the present through an exchange of arguments and premises, true and false. This professional conversation can be an act of love, expressing difference without hatred or common interest without collusion. More often, unfortunately, it is an empty and bitter quarrel that distorts or blinds the vision upon which discrimination depends, making true criticism impossible. Only a stupid or vicious critic views all unexpected or extreme innovations with alarm; it is almost as pernicious, today, to welcome every deviation and promotion scheme, *ipso facto*, as an achievement, and its entire cast as instant masters and prophets.

The real villain of this piece, if there is one, is an idea. It now appears that the attacks on history made by such painters as Clyfford Still and Mark Rothko had a real point. Artists used to make conservative art historians a bit queasy, but bit by bit, as scholars became more and more open-minded, artists also gave ground. A harmful historical anxiety seeped into their studios and into their souls. The Futurists' conviction that the weight of the past can be stultifying and deadly has been thoroughly explored; but the dangers of constant pressure on artists to come up each season with something novel—to scrap the ideas of last year before they have been fully articulated or their depths plumbed—has not been sufficiently appreciated. The accelerating succession of publicized innovations has become both a joke and a serious problem. From both poles of the question, this group neurosis is a source of anxiety, frustration, and resentment.

Rather than being an immovable rock around which the seas of live art crashed, as the French Academy was in 1865, the "avant-garde" academy of today is a bandwagon rolling faster and faster. Commitment to continual change of style in art is a principle as inane as commitment to change in bust measurements or the cut of cock-



Fall steps into your life with the silk tweed ensemble by Alper Schwartz. The classic jacket with its own bow-tied rose blouse. A new compound of September brown flecked with rose. Sizes 10 to 20, 90.00.

Sakowitz
HOUSTON

THE AVANT-GARDE

(Continued from page 232)

tail dresses, yet there are critics, curators, and collectors who prostrate themselves before any innovation whatsoever rather than be considered *retardataire*. Meanwhile (and this is a real tragedy), the dedicated artist working in an "outmoded" style, if his position is not solidly established, is faced with the agonizing alternatives of total obscurity (if he has the courage to maintain his position) or of an undignified race to keep in the swim.

If the artist becomes more and more enmeshed in the kind of machinery that dictates advertising, pop tunes, the Broadway theatre, and television, he could lose his position of leadership. It would be sad to see the direction of painting and sculpture determined in the same way as the designs of automobiles from Detroit, new dance sensations, or the status ratings of winter resorts: it would be unfortunate, in short, to see the life of art become "art biz." One defense against such a development would be a clean break between serious art and visual entertainment. Extrapolating in another direction, one could imagine that, following the lead of pop art, "high art" would dissolve entirely, to soak into the sands of commercial mass culture leaving no trace—perhaps to emerge someday as an anonymous but *bona fide* social product not labelled as art, like the cathedral in the middle ages or the jet airplane today.

But there is another alternative, less dramatic but simple as a Zen monk's realization that problems exist only because anxious people invent them: to recognize that the isolation of the artist from society has ended, and that the current obsession with novelty is a neurosis brought about by a vulgarized theory of perpetual revolution deduced from the art history of the last century. The content of the arts, like that of human experience, is timeless. Art is still a means of examining a leaf, smelling the air, and renewing one's contact with the infinite.



Studio III, Sakowitz' Shop for the young elegant. Here, the spritely tunic-jumper in a chalk-stripe of menswear worsted wool. By Junior Sophisticate with its own blouse in white rayon crepe. Sizes 5 to 13, 85.00.

Sakowitz
HOUSTON

Unlike science and technology, art does not progress. Braque can not be superior to Cézanne, nor Cézanne to Rembrandt, in the way that Niels Bohr's physics is an advance over Newton's, modern plumbing over that of the Romans, or a Boeing 707 over the "Spirit of St. Louis." Rapid obsolescence is not necessary for creative expression. Freed from the style-of-the-month mechanism, the artist, critic, and curator could turn their sensitized hands, eyes, and minds more completely to meaning, beauty, profundity—even to amusement and play in art—rather than expending so much energy on problems that need not exist.

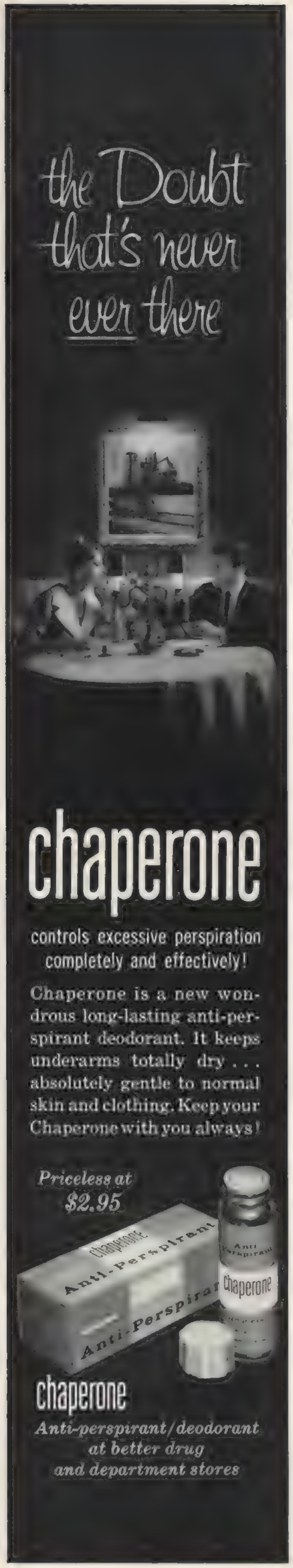
To observe, encourage, and criticize artists and works of art in terms that are aesthetic, technical, philosophical, and qualitative is not to ignore history, but to avoid rushing it forward toward nowhere by coercion, artificial stimulants, and groundless claims. We are faced with a new situation and a rising tide of production: we must have the acuity and courage to distinguish significant originality from puerile novelty, real changes in spirit from promotion schemes, deep ideological loyalties from cliques of pals, good or great art from bad or fraudulent art. And the collector should recognize that individual taste is not operating fully when the enthusiasms of a given brotherhood, from Montauk Point to Santa Monica, switch from one *dernier cri* to another as if a referee had blown a whistle.

There are a number of promising tendencies in American art today, but the groups we once characterized as the "avant-garde" have been dissolved by acceptance. Perhaps truly visionary artists must remain, as Duchamp suggests, "underground." Perhaps, they can take refuge on the campus—but this scholastic haven can also be a prison. Perhaps, also, the surest protection of art would be an epidemic of personal integrity.



Dynasty, ambassador of oriental splendor and meticulous workmanship. Here, the social suit in a brocade of silk and rayon. Phoenix pattern in gold or green. Samarkand pattern in black, sizes 10 to 20, 110.00.

Sakowitz
HOUSTON



(Continued from page 163)

ing to give Miss Seberg a hairdo exactly like mine.

Faithfully trying to fulfill what I thought was a producer's function, I gave interviews in French for radio and television. shuddering all the time at what my hearty New York accent must have sounded like as it invaded living rooms from Brussels to Monte Carlo. I went to the Film Festival in Venice to pick an actor off the beach, although I had carefully refrained from attending film festivals all my life.

I signed orders for toupees and wrote letters of consolation to actors whose performances were left on the cutting-room floor. I struggled with musicians, although my entire musical education had been compressed into one year of piano lessons, during which time I just barely mastered one small piece entitled, "The Spinning Song." I called doctors at all hours of the day and night for American actors who invariably contracted intestinal flu the day before they were due to appear on the sound stages for the first time. I rewrote the script almost entirely as we went along, something that no other producer would have been able to persuade me to do. I inspected dozens of Great Danes and Russian Wolfhounds and hired two of the beasts and later concurred in the decision to drop them from the picture.

Although I am one of those people who can not bear to give notice to a nurse. a maid, or a secretary (in my house, it is always my wife who gets the duty at such times), I found myself forced to fire a brash but personable young man who had been hired as an assistant director and then was put off the set for stroking the behind of a make-up woman during a take. Looking for a job where he could be useful, we employed him to go to the airport to greet incoming male actors. Unfortunately, the young man had a permanent heavy cold and coughed and sneezed into the faces of the actors all the way in from the airport to the studio. In between the coughing and sneezing he found time to tell the actors that the script was faulty and the production in dire trouble.

There was a short, lively, not unfriendly conference between the young man and myself in the corridor outside the studio bar and he was locked out of the premises forthwith. still coughing and sneezing. I regretted having to dispense with his services, especially since he had been very helpful in suggesting cuts and changes in the script. But three strikes are out, even in France.

During the war, just before D Day, General Eisenhower, faced with prophecies of storms by his meteorological staff, had to give the order to go or not to go to his armies. On location in Nice, with our full company, I found that at least in this one respect I resembled my ex-commanding officer. The decision I was called upon to make would have furrowed the brow of an admiral in almost any navy. The script called for a sequence in a small sailboat on a sunny day of absolute windless calm. At great expense, we had arranged to hire a huge lighter, for the crew. the cameras. and generators. During the afternoon before the day on which the scene was to be shot we heard from the French weather bureau that high winds and a rolling sea were expected for the morrow. We had until four o'clock to postpone the renting of the lighter. After that, no matter what tempest was blowing or whether we turned a camera or not. we were liable for the entire fee.

A council of war of all the production people was called and the problem examined from all sides. Our movie was being made on a modest budget and losing a day's shooting or having to hire the lighter for two days instead of the one scheduled. would have been uncomfortably costly. The problem was finally solved by my agreeing to report at the dock in Cannes with the rest of the company at seven o'clock in the morning, with a pencil in my hand. I had to promise I would write a scene to match the weather which would have the same elements and the same emotional effect as the original one. Luckily, I was not put to this literary and naval test. I was on the wharf. with pencil, at seven o'clock, but the sky was sunny, the sea like glass, and there was not a breath of wind until we had all safely disembarked. with the scene safely in the camera.

This all took place on the day that President Kennedy issued his ultimatum to the Russians to get their missile installations out of Cuba. A large American aircraft carrier was moored inshore, with every one of its planes on deck, ready, as far as we could tell, to take off for Moscow at a moment's notice. At the same time, in another hemisphere, Soviet ships were approaching Cuba and the first encounter with our Navy was expected at any moment.

I spent half the day looking at actors and the other half looking nervously over at the carrier to see if the planes were taking off.

It was about this time that I told Parrish that I was seriously thinking of changing the name of our company to Novels Hereafter Productions.

Originally, our plan was to

do another of my stories as our first venture. I had written the first thirty pages of the scenario when I was seized by an incomprehensible desire to write a play. I put the thirty pages aside and wrote the play. I was passing through a black period at the time and the play reflected the anger and dissatisfaction with the world that I was feeling. When I had finished it I found that. whatever its merits or faults, the writing of it had purged me of the dark mood which had been its genesis. The scenario I had started was based on a harsh and bitter story and I no longer had the stomach for it. I wanted to do something gentle, youthful, loving, sensuous. and. for want of a better word. decent. I was tired. at least temporarily, of the violence, the perversity, the nastiness, and ugliness that has inundated our theatres in the last few years.

So, although the movie, *In the French Style*, deals with the subject of a young and innocent American girl in a wicked foreign city, the reader will be surprised to find that there are no abortions in the film, no taking of drugs, no nymphomania, no pornography, no alcoholism. no incest. no orgies, no juvenile delinquency, no fistfights or attacks with broken beer bottles. It is true that twice during the film there is a face-slapping incident. But, against all the canons of the modern film and modern theatre, both times it is the girl who slaps the man.

There is even a rather lengthy scene in which an American father shows that he understands and can communicate with his daughter. I, myself, only have a son, so it is much easier for me to write scenes in which fathers understand daughters than scenes in which fathers understand sons.

This may rule me off the literary and film field for life and may cause some critics at home and abroad to suggest that I should have put the whole thing into costume and used as a starting point one of the novels of Jane Austen. I was feeling happy (or at least as happy as a writer can feel) while making the picture and inevitably my unusual mood crept into my work.

In the organization of sequences in the picture, Parrish and I have done a risky and unorthodox thing. We have arranged the ending in such a manner that the man our heroine finally goes off with and marries is never seen until the last five minutes of the work. We did this only after writing and shooting two rather long scenes introducing the groom-to-be earlier on. The scenes by themselves were very well played and gave us an opportunity to use one of the most skillful French comic actors of our time. In addition. I must confess that Parrish and I enjoyed the two scenes enormously when they were run for us in the projection room.

Still, we cut the scenes and the actor, disregarding our own pain, and substituted another scene in its place. We did this because we realized that no matter how obliquely and cleverly we hid our tracks, the audience would immediately be certain, with more than an hour of the film still to go, that our heroine would wind up with the young man introduced at that point, to the detriment of whatever suspense the picture contains.

In our day, audiences are so knowing and sophisticated that film makers have to run themselves dizzy to keep ahead of the spectator. If here and there in the movie there is a noticeable sound of panting, it is the author trying to sprint the last necessary lap.

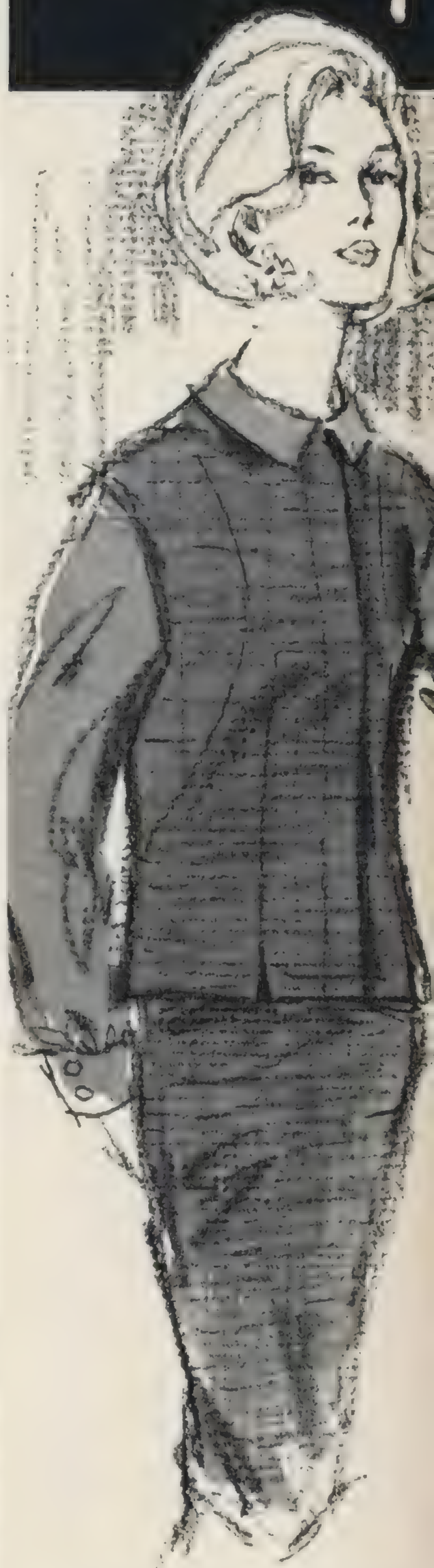
In doing this movie we performed a pleasant duty—we saluted the regiments of American girls who swarm delightfully into Paris every year, to study, to work, to sightsee, to hang around. They are for the most part young, pretty, and adventurous, qualities to please the eye and charm the heart of any American. Or any Frenchman, for that matter. Or any man who has ever leaned against the parapet on the banks of the Seine and brooded over that flowing movement.

In all this, I hope that whoever sees this film will recognize that this is an American's view of Paris. A Frenchman faced with the problem of writing a screenplay on the basis of this material would, in all probability, write an entirely different story. In fact, Parrish and I had to cope with some extremely shrewd arguments from our French colleagues on a key point of the script. In our picture there is a moment when a French boy, aged sixteen, confesses that he is still a virgin. This idea seemed so unlikely to every Frenchman or woman who passed through the studio gate during the production that we found ourselves debating the subject every day for eight weeks in a row. In the flood of arguments on this issue, I always insisted that the boy is deliberately written as an eccentric character. This never cut any ice with our French friends in our discussions. A French boy might be eccentric, they conceded, but never *that* eccentric.

Up to now, screenplays have rarely been published. The style in which they are written, which, aside from the actual dialogue,

(Continued on page 236)

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(Continued from page 235)

consists mostly of directions for the actors, the director, the cameraman, and the scene designer, is likely to seem odd and a little difficult to the average reader. Sometimes, a screenplay that stems from what is called, in Hollywood, an original idea, is hastily fictionalized into an ersatz novel, and in that bastard form thrown into a kind of subliterary distribution.

But from now on I believe that screenplays will be published more and more often. The reason for this is that there is a whole generation of young people, now entering on their creative years, who have been so conditioned by seeing movies all their lives as the one example of dramatic story-telling, that when they launch themselves into their careers, they think, practically instinctively, in movie terms. What the artist does first, the critic is likely to understand second, with the general public following somewhere behind.

When I was young and living in New York City, I went to the theatre as often as I could manage. I saw very few movies and none of them seemed to have made the impression on me that was made by the plays I saw or the novels and short stories I read. So it was natural that when I started to write, I wrote plays and short stories. I wrote five full-length plays by the time I was twenty-two and a great number of short stories. I didn't write any novels because I didn't feel capable of carrying off such a sustained effort. But it never occurred to me to write a screenplay as a vehicle for what I wanted to say at the time.

In those days I read a great many plays, but almost always with a sense that I was missing some essential quality of the drama that I could only recognize by seeing the play on the stage. It was only on the night that I saw *The Cherry Orchard*, which had puzzled me and left me cold when I read it, that I made the breakthrough that enabled me from then on to understand, from the printed page, the impression that the acted versions of plays were expected to create when staged. I saw *The Cherry Orchard* in the old Civic Repertory Theatre on 14th Street, in Manhattan, and I left the shabby old house uplifted and exultant and suddenly educated to the point at which I could visualize a script and enjoy the version of the play as I saw and heard it in my own head, as well or perhaps even better than when I was seated before the actual production.

Something like this is now going on in the field of films. Writers and directors (the terms are by now often almost interchangeable) will express themselves by writing directly for the screen instead of for the stage. This is already happening in Europe, and with the relaxing of the maniacal taboos under which American moviemakers have been suffering, we soon should see the same process developing in the United States. When this happens, it will no longer be unusual for screenplays to be published and read and understood without difficulty by an ever-growing group of spectator-readers. It is not inconceivable that at this moment there are quiet Chekhovs all over the world preparing to make a new and revolutionary addition to the dramatic literature of a dozen languages, and, in fact, creating a new literature of their own.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Irwin Shaw, one of the best American short story writers, who now writes in Klosters, Switzerland, made, in France, the movie,* In the French Style, *pulled from two of his short stories:* A Year to Learn the Language *and* In the French Style. *These, his movielog, and his screenplay—the one Shaw screenplay that has not emerged for him as "an ugly blur in my mind"—are out this month in a paper book called* Making a Movie in the French Style. *Before this, Shaw has had six books of excellent short stories and four novels. Nine of his Broadway plays, he said, "were all flops."*

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HERBESSENCE SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 226)

warmhearted man, he also has a hard-rock reserve, a fairly formidable seam reached pretty early on in acquaintance with him.

Like most of us he has a yearning for affection, yet, like most Englishmen—or Scotsmen—of his kind, is ill-fitted by upbringing and habit to acquire the technique of affection-getting, which, after all, is basically a reflex of affection-giving. The English upper crust wants and needs affection as deeply as any other crust, but impulses towards this important emotional release are frequently stifled for them at about the age of eight when boys go away to boarding school. Affection by letter and postcard is as broken-backed as most other emotions by proxy. The boys grow up, professing to hate what they so need. Hence the undertones of sadism and masochism so frequent among British males. Hence, perhaps, those passages in the Bond books which have provoked such bitter attacks. Stuff here for a thesis by some psycho-quiz sophomore.

This imprisonment of the emotions is gradually being dismantled in Britain, but it gripped Fleming's generation in steely handcuffs. Yet because emotion can not be wholly buried in print and must out somewhere, somehow, Fleming's temper is occasionally explosively violent. But, then, most Englishmen would rather admit to outbursts of spleen than affection.

His interests are basically *mouvementés*. He was an athlete at school and in early manhood and retains his interest in sport. He was a partner of Donald Healey, one of England's more enterprising racing-car drivers before World War II. He has climbed and skied and sailed, but his first love was golf and remains so. This respect for physical achievement is reflected in his continuing capacity for hero-worship. He started by hero-worshipping his elder brother, Peter, a scholarly explorer-reporter. He continues to admire men who excel in games or endurance: Cousteau, the deep-sea explorer; Bannister, the first four-minute miler; Peter Thomson, the golfer; Heinrich Harrer, the seven-year-in-Tibet man; Douglas Bader, the fighter-pilot, who lost both legs in the war and leads as full a life as Lord Beaverbrook.

Yet he has interests far off from the sporting and strenuous life. I met him because of his interest in the complexities of typography, my own absorbing hobby, and I have travelled with him into one of the more derelict purlieus of London to track down brass reliefs of mythological gods and goddesses—he has the finest collection of brass pictures in England. He has similarly wandered with John Betjeman to inspect some of the lesser masterpieces of London's ecclesiastical architecture.

He formed, with the help of Percy Muir, one of the most notable and knowledgeable of English bookdealers, a remarkable collection of books on milestones in original thought through the great revolutionary periods from the end of the eighteenth century. His wide and unique collection includes such rarities as first editions of Darwin's *Origin of Species;* Einstein's basic paper on the theory of relativity; Helmholtz's monograph on the ophthalmoscope; Lenin's *What Is To Be Done?*

Muir, a long-time friend, vividly remembers Fleming's succinct instructions: "You get the collection going. I'll buy it, book by book, but I'm not very keen to do overmuch work on it myself." Fleming kept to his side of the bargain without going back one whit on his word, Muir warmly said. The collec-

(Continued on page 240)

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THE IAN FLEMINGS

(Continued from page 239)

tion was valued some years ago by John Carter, the bibliographical pundit of Sotheby's, the London auction house, at many thousands of pounds. He prefers the books. Another of his side interests is his ownership of *The Book Collector*, perhaps the world's most erudite bibliographical journal, edited by John Hayward. Fleming has kept this magazine alive through thick and thin and cosseted the journal into its present valuable authority and financial stability.

Fleming married in his early forties. This fact should not be taken to indicate either a lack of interest in women or a predilection for the celibate life. He had known many women, but had managed to elude them. As someone said: "Ian is like a handful of sea water; he slips away through your fingers—even while you're watching." Perhaps the girls were too undemanding, for when Fleming did marry it was only after a period of shattering personal complexities and tensions for himself and his wife, experiences which would have meant nervous breakdowns for lesser combatants.

Anne Fleming (née Charteris) was first married to Lord O'Neill (who was killed in the war in 1944), then to Lord Rothermere, from whom she was divorced in 1952. She married Fleming immediately she was free. As a simple "Esquire" he remained unperturbed in following these resounding titles, but promised his wife that if he ever became ennobled he would choose as his title "Lord S.W.1.," the London postal district in which he lives.

Anne Fleming (known as "Annie" to her friends) is a slim, dark, handsome, highly strung, iconoclastic creature of middle height with a fine pair of flashpoint eyes. She has something of the air of an imperious gypsy, and I have always thought that long, multicoloured flouncing skirts would become her even more than those of more modish length. Suitably attired, she would, seated on the steps of a caravan, have made a magnificent addition to the late Augustus John's paintings of the Romany folk of the Welsh Marches.

A woman of clear-cut views, Anne Fleming provokes extreme reactions as a wasp provokes panic. Her friends adore her. Others, intimidated by what they consider to be her ruthless vitality and unequivocal views on this or that, are more reserved in their response. She is certainly more interested in men than women, although she does have a few fairly close women friends, notably Lady Avon (wife of the former Sir Anthony Eden), Lady Diana Duff Cooper, and Loelia, Duchess of Westminster. But her main friendships are with men, or possibly with the minds of men, and she retains a bright schoolgirl's undue respect for academic distinction and political achievement. Thus her closest friends include Somerset Maugham, novelist; Evelyn Waugh, novelist; Sir Isaiah Berlin, philosopher; Sir Maurice Bowra, classical scholar; Sir Frederick Ashton, choreographer; Cecil Beaton, artist *et al;* Malcolm Muggeridge, most ruthless of commentators: Noël Coward, playwright and songbird; Randolph Churchill, controversialist; Lucian Freud, artist grandson of Sigmund; Peter Quennell, poet and historian; Cyril Connolly, critic and wit. And so on and on. The list is lengthy and formidable. All these men delight in her company, savouring the occasional sharp edge of her tongue, but, even more, her talent for provoking others to dispute. Certainly she is not the kind of woman to whom men would be likely to bring confession of failure or weakness; they are more apt to come to her table to display their learning and to sharpen their wits.

Perhaps somewhat inevitably, with these intellectual predilections and companionships, Anne Fleming has taken a mildly dyspeptic view of her husband's runaway success with his controversial thrillers. "These dreadful Bond books," she has called them publicly, and there is no doubt she would swap a thousand James Bonds for one Stephen Dedalus.

Her marriage weathered one of its trickier moments when Fleming, returning to his house from Jamaica, overheard Cyril Connolly reading aloud to a collection of Mrs. Fleming's intellectual guests, and with appropriate theatrical emphasis, extracts from his first Bond page-proofs. Yet being as socially energetic as she is, Anne Fleming seemed to enjoy, to the fullest degree, the revelry attendant upon the press showing of *Dr. No*, the first Bond adventure to be filmed, with Sean Connery as Bond. The evening party at Les Ambassadeurs, a night spot, was a rollicking fiesta which laid Fleming low, but gave his wife full scope for involving Somerset Maugham and a score of other improbable guests in a midnight frolic.

The Flemings started their marriage in a large Chelsea flat overlooking the River Thames, a far cry from his discreet bachelor mews house in Mayfair and her own in one of London's largest mansions, Warwick House, Lord Rothermere's house, overlooking the Green Park. The large flat, with its sometimes gay but more often melancholy outlook over the wide grey river, didn't suit Anne Fleming's mood or manner and they soon moved to a small Regency, cream-stuccoed house in London's smallest square, about a hundred yards from the riding school of Buckingham Palace. There they have remained through eleven years.

The house is a particularly pleasant example of English urban architecture, even better adapted for living in today than when it was built, and, as it is one of two corner houses, with emphatically bowed windows, it has even more charm than its terraced neighbours.

Within, the house has a warm, welcoming, carefree air, resulting from a skillfully casual arrangement of comfortable chairs and sofas, Regency furniture, with a profusion of brass inlay, Fleming's black Wedg-

wood busts, multitudinous books, and a highly individual collection of pictures, including paintings by Augustus John, Lucian Freud, Victorian lesser masters, and, of course, brass pictures of flighty goddesses and martial heroes.

This doll's house has a bowed dining room that seats eight in comfort but must frequently take a willing dozen in diminished comfort, for Anne Fleming is perhaps the most naturally gifted and successful hostess in London, a position due chiefly to her own high vivacity allied with a simple belief that the perfect recipe for an entertaining evening is well-chosen, well-cooked food, good wines, and a group of egomaniacal talkers with diametrically (or, even better, diabolically) opposed philosophies. The results are noisy, fierce, and memorable.

Fleming is rarely present at these dinner parties (or gabfests, as he terms them) which are likely to take place at the rate of a couple a week in the season. Forewarned is forearmed, he claims, and at the appropriate moment, he is more likely to be settled in at the Portland Club, temple of gastronomy and the game of bridge, playing an expensive game with reasonably responsive results, than sitting at his own dining table. Returning at midnight, he is likely to find his wife's guests still at table, still embattled in high-voiced political diatribe, abuse, and argument. Fleming, waving not too demonstrative a greeting, proceeds upstairs to his own room and comparative tranquillity.

Occasionally, he openly pines for a quiet little mouse of a wife who might worshipfully await his evening arrival with carpet slippers and a large Martini, but *au fond* he is another man who needs to resharpen his wits from time to time and finds in his wife a ready sponsor for such an enterprise.

They are one in affection for their ten-year-old son, Caspar; less at one perhaps, in their hopes for this young man, for Anne Fleming believes that the highest destiny for any Englishman is to be Prime Minister, while it is certain that Fleming would settle for a lesser, and perhaps more permanent, career. Whatever bent the boy does eventually follow, lucre need not be his primary ambition, for he is the unknowing recipient of much of Fleming's income from Bond.

By her first marriage, Anne Fleming had two children: a son and a daughter. The son is the present twenty-nine-year-old Lord O'Neill, the fourth Baron. Here, too, Anne Fleming had been daunted in her wish for a politically-minded son, for Lord O'Neill, a gay but self-contained and resolute young man, prefers life on his Northern Irish estates and running a large garage in Belfast to life among the metropolitan politicos. His sister, Fiona, was married three years ago to a young Foreign Office First Secretary, with a considerable reputation as a Russian and Chinese authority.

At this time the Flemings have completed another house in a fairly remote part of Oxfordshire. This new house has been added to the enchanting remains of a seventeenth-century house built by the side of a woodland lake of considerable bucolic charm. Here, the tale goes, Fleming will find the restful background he needs for writing his books, but others suspect that in truth he loathes the quiet sequestered life in England and prefers his present split-level life between London, various golf-courses, and the Caribbean.

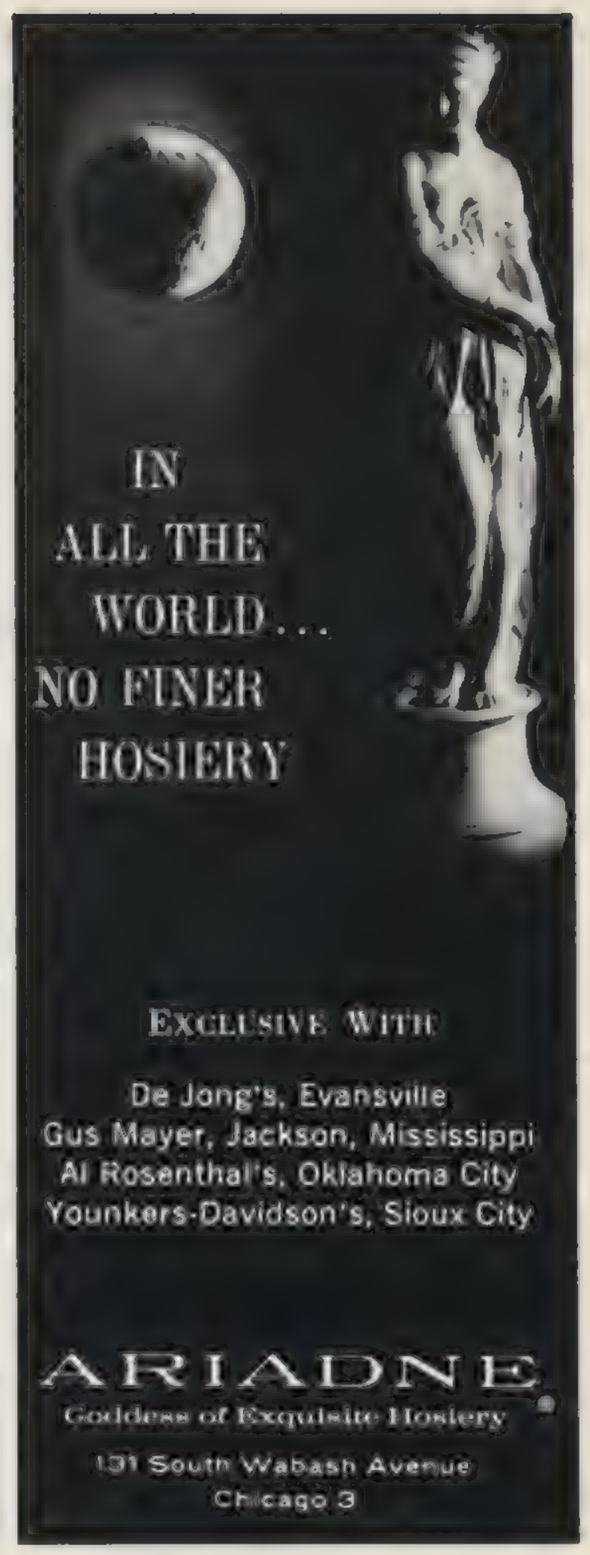
Fleming does a good deal of his more ephemeral writing in a small office in Mitre Court, off Fleet Street, a courtway set amongst the chambers of barristers and the offices of journalists. There, for three or four days a week, he keeps more or less regular hours and copes with an avalanche of demands for his views on Life and Luv, revolvers and flick-knives, food and drink, travel and adventure. Here, too, he sees agents, interviews interviewers, and a growing tribe of film men. But his books are written in Jamaica.

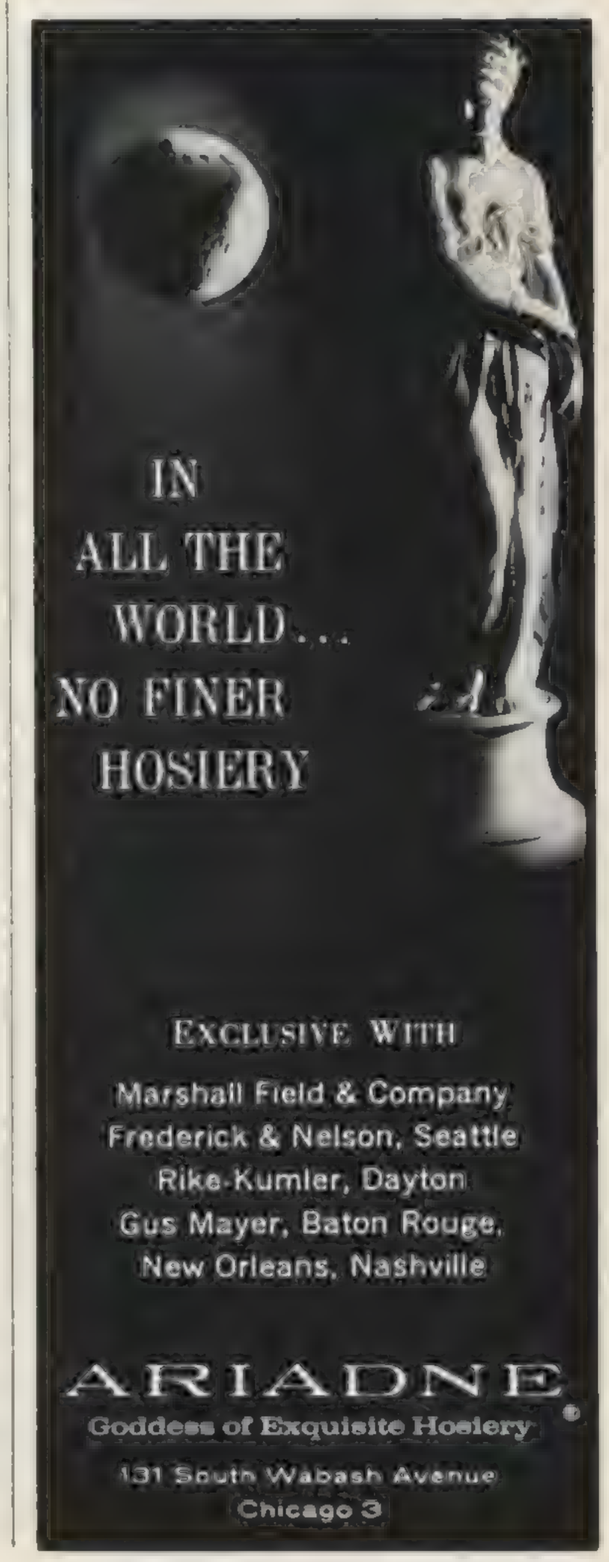
He bought his Jamaican property in 1946 inspired by two wartime weeks conniving with the U. S. Office of Naval Intelligence to counter the U-boat offensive in the Caribbean. All those who have a dream house in mind yet can not draw should take heart from Fleming's enterprise, for although he can not draw a line, he designed his own house. And the house is the most practical and pleasant house any traveller could hope to find at a tropical journey's end. Low-built, wide-eaved, wide-windowed, the house is proof against the snarl-up of the hurricane and the downbeat of the sun.

Here, for two months every year—January and February—Fleming is at his mellow best. The transplanted Englishman becomes a genial Caribbean squire. Here his yearnings towards a more exuberant wardrobe are given scope by recourse to an occasional shirt. For the rest it is life in shorts and sandals.

To his resident Caribbean housekeeper, Violet, every word of the master's is both law and benediction. Every culinary whim must be indulged. Every possible comfort quadrupled. Here he works, with a fierce intensity, as he is one of those men who would rather work as a galley slave for two months than be a ten-till-six serf for eleven. And here the Bond books are written. "I've got this bloody man Bond half way up a cliff and must leave him there overnight if I'm to answer your letter. Well, here goes. . . ."

Here, too, he swims for long hours above and between the reefs which ring his private beach. Once upon a recent time he was a keen underwater swimmer, but now, less adventurous, he peers at the nearer denizens, floating away the afternoon, dreaming up, for the pleasure of President and policeman, professor and popsy, yet more improbable situations for superman Bond to love in or escape from, all of which, according to rumour, will be translated into more languages than exist.





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THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF WIG-OWNING

(Continued from page 202)

looking. It's a blend of tones and textures and, as in the case of good perfume or tobacco, the mixture is judged on subtlety. Good hair also entails something we find absolutely rivetting: something known as "proper rooting." Properly-rooted hair means hair sewn to the wig in the direction *in which that hair originally grew*—all the roots at one end, all the tips at the other. Once cut and passed through several pairs of hands, how does hair remember how it once grew? Seems that every shaft of hair has an inner scroll, the direction of which remains forever fixed. After it's made its trip to the hair market (headquarters in Bordeaux), the cut hair is jiggled gently in a bath of mild soapy water, a process that causes the root ends to veer one way, the tips another. Collected then and there in sheaves, the hair is subsequently sold by the bundle-weight, root ends tied upward. Conflicting scrolls—roots and tips going every which-way—make for a wig with an unbiddable nature; it won't take and hold a set, but rather provides, in the words of a droll French wigmaker we know, "just enough variety to arrive at the perfect matting." Wigs and hairpieces made of combings or scraps have no sense of direction—which may account to some degree for the wig disappointments in the world today.

• What if your own long hair has been cut short—can you have a wig made of it? No matter how thick your own hair was, *écoutez:* there will not be enough to make a wig; with luck, there *may* be enough for a hairpiece. Because not all of your own hair is of the same length (the new growth is shorter; the old growth longer), there will be immense loss of hair in the wig-making processes. No one wig ever comes from any one head, anyway. The raw-hair merchants have their regular suppliers whom they call on every four or five years for new batches of hair—the Mrs. Smiths, or more likely, the Mesdames Duchamps of the countryside, who grow hair as one of their crops. Because a wig can be a mix of texture, colour, quality, in any variety and from any number of sources the wig-maker chooses, it *can* give you a more perfect head of hair than an unassisted head could produce naturally.

• Re hairpieces: for many women this is the wig development that really counts—the extra piece of hair that matches one's own hair perfectly, gives it a lift, saves situations and can, in its life cycle, be reworked, reset, restyled. The most staple single shape is the "fall": a hairpiece designed to sit on the top of the head at headband level, and fall to one's own hairlength. (See pages 204 to 207 for working falls.) Most useful single size for such a hairpiece is a base no larger than three inches by three inches (anything larger will put a hair-flattening weight on the head). Such a piece can be twisted into evening shapes; can supply a loop of Botticelli curl for a postiche; can be made to last for years. (If you want to have it change its colour as your hair changes colour—tipping, streaking, grey strands all can be added.)

• Any wig needs care at some point. For the woman who takes a wig or hairpiece to her hairdresser for refurbishing, this warning: don't let your hairdresser use shampoo and water on your other head in your absence. The soaping at Bordeaux should be the last soap your false hair ever sees. From then on, only dry-cleaning fluids need apply. The point of this is obvious: water causes shrinkage, particularly shrinkage of the foundation on which the wig is made—when this draws tight, the hair sewn to the base becomes too dense for successful styling and too close for comfort. After a wig has been dry-cleaned, it's conditioned—with brilliantine, set on rollers or via a curling iron called Capilustro,

(Continued on page 245)

PARIS REPORT

(Continued from page 169)

For suits and tailored clothes. Marc Bohan has moved from last year's baby melon sleeve (scarcely seen in America) to definitely wider shoulders squared by brisk box seaming. Twenty-three-inch jackets borrowed from the cavalry. Belted thirty-six-inch jackets. Many skirts four very deep box pleats, setting a quick breezy pace for walking. Doubled necklines, many high turnover turtlenecks. Above all: helmets. medium-high, with flat bands, worn—like all Paris hats—straight across the eyebrows.

Suède shoes: one tweed suit with tweed pumps to match—tongued vamps, silver buckles, medium Louis heels. The look with evening clothes: sexy sling-back slippers, the slings as soft as chemise-straps.

Dior, who always remembers the woman, has deliciously ruffled black dresses of Chantilly lace—feminine, charming, delightful. Bosoms are back—small and held high in the Botticelli manner. half revealed.

VENET, one of the bright young tailors of Paris, shows in a miniature double salon above a small courtyard—cream-coloured walls; on the mantelpiece, sunflowers based in moss. Only the most defined tailoring here. Bigger topcoats falling from horizontal seams well below the shoulder. For dresses. Venet insists on white—supple shifts shaped by seaming to a line as gentle as it is narrow, two-piece overblouse dresses, and a splinter group of waisted dresses tied with contrasting belts—say, chocolate-brown kid.

Flawlessly tailored suits. Very new: the big sleeve set in below the shoulder, and caught by a flat band above the wrist, this in a grey checked wool double-breasted suit. Also very new: the flounced hem for tailored coats. suits. dresses. sometimes all the way around, sometimes a quarter flounce at the front. Used for an orange coat, a rose tweed suit with a pink blouse.

This house loves the cleanest pinks, Spanish red, violet with deep blue velvet, darkest raisin, mulberry with enamel blue, prune with pale mauve with pink, fuchsia with mulberry with pink, blue-violet with pale-grey gloves, almond green with an emerald pin. Green jewels with white silk. On every model, smooth, stacked-up hair; with night looks, a jewel at the back of every head.

At COURRÈGES, where the tailoring is precise as a Swiss watch, the shortest skirts anywhere: looser hems. knees well revealed, kicking skirts and topcoat hems. A collection as effective as a perfectly matched string of pearls. More on Courrèges, pages 170-175.

SIMONETTA AND FABIANI: The excellent coats for which these Italian designers can be counted on—wider at the shoulders, small standaway collars, wide sleeves; back-belted great-coats that maintain a modern spareness. For evening, fantasy and brio—wide-legged palazzo pyjamas topped with leopard or crystal or jet embroidery. A floor-length tweed coat, herring-boned, over a black cloqué dress with a lifted waist.

RICCI: The last collection designed by Jules François Crahay, who will move soon to Lanvin. Most dashing look: the cold-climate overcoat reaching below the tops of knee socks and worn with a very short straight skirt—tweeds and checks for these. The pull-over blouse and the turtleneck seen in quantity. Many long shirty blouses with long and short skirts. Upturned sombreros and sphinx hats in fur and fabric.

LAROCHE: A good rounded collection with the special strength of gentle, well-tailored suits in charming colours—one in tweed with a nutria coat lined in the same tweed. Long soft pull-blouses with wide loose necks. A black mink coat to the floor with a long white dress. Flowing black palazzo pyjamas, a belle-sauvage top of leopard.

GRÈS: From this great house where the poetic and the practical have co-existed for years, a completely unique and fascinating at-home dress in the mood of an Arab dignitary's robe—thin white wool seamed into a soft, asymmetric sculpture; must (and will) be seen in Vogue September 15. Again and always the beautiful silk jersey evening dresses à la Grecque—this year a tricolour version in white, limey yellow, and pink. For day a good deal of leather with a touch of Jeanne d'Arc—a black leather skirt with panelled front, black pants, and boots. Also an adventurous hooded coat of camel's hair. as true to the crusader look as Richard Cœur de Lion.

CAPUCCI: Bare knees, amusing embroidered knee socks, black and white dotted socks. black wigs . . . the whole show very young and gay. Reptile in every colour for pullovers, hats, et cetera. Knitted roll-over collars. Well-cut coats; one, a pink Prince de Galles plaid on a bias yoke worn with a pink and red ribbed sweater.

BALMAIN: All the distinguished making and tailoring for which Balmain is known. Good coats. welt-seamed. with dropped shoulders. For evening: ankle-length dresses and coats, black velvet crusty with rubies, naked backs: a white satin Memling dress with the waist high in front, embroidery on the bodice—dazzling with diamonds plaited into a Flemish coiffure.

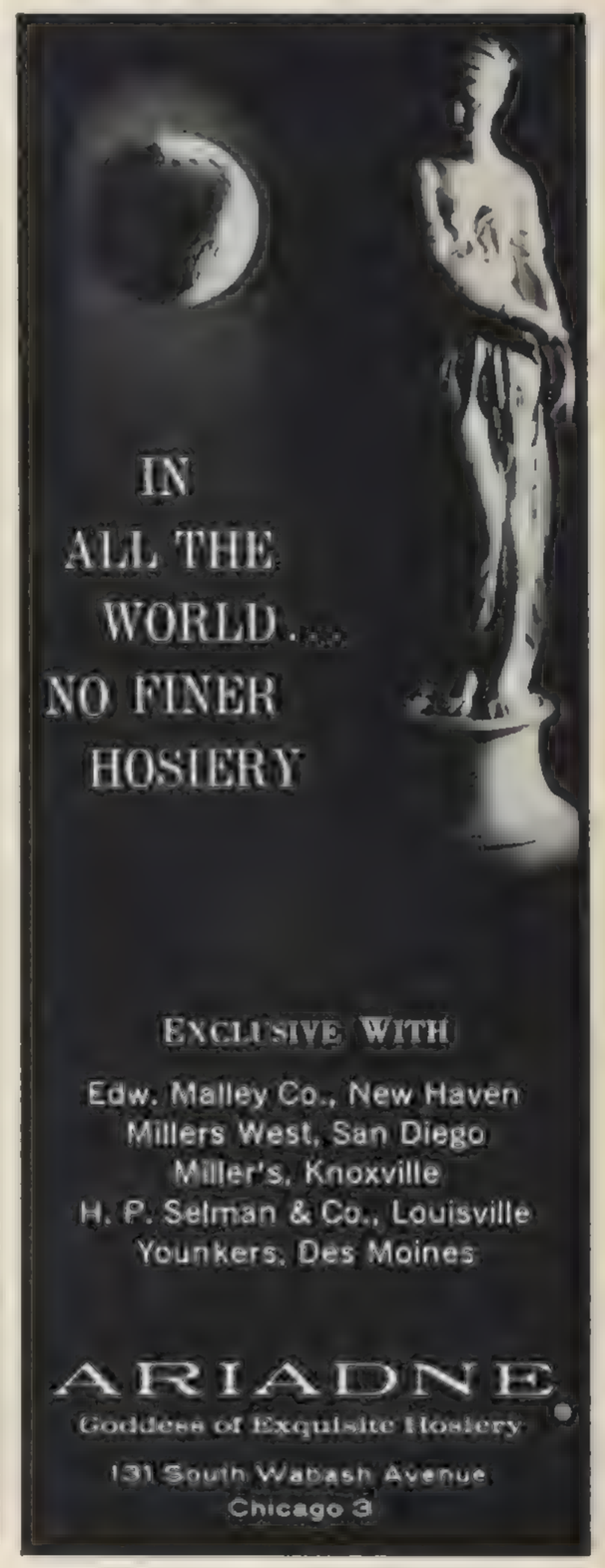
ZABALETA: A first collection getting off to a fast start, really running the gamut. Good colour sense—carrot and navy worn together; attractive at-home dresses combining pale blue and coffee, pale to tropical pinks. Leather and suède suits and coats—snappy black suède skirt with a meshed white turtleneck sweater.

LANVIN: Opened with a flurry of crusader tunics slashed at the sides to show plaid knickerbockers, worn with extremely good mesh wool stockings. Feathers an innovation here – one flat feathered coat lined with fur. Much pink here, and for the first time, many greens; much leopard as Paris has developed a real fixation for spotty furs. One very good night look—long white satin dress with a short black satin jacket made with the accordion shaping of a Japanese lantern.

PATOU: This house booming. First collection designed by Michel Goma. Apple greens here. excellent jewels—heavy and interesting, big chignons by the Carita sisters. some with

(Continued on page 245)





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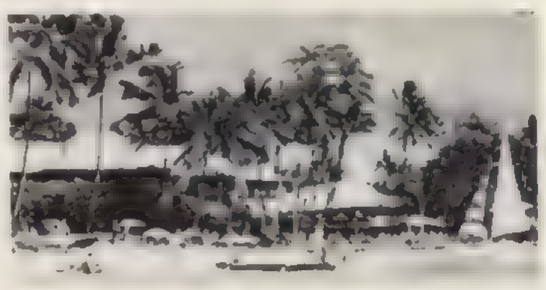
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PARIS REPORT

(Continued from page 243)

added ringlets. Appealing déshabillés. Enchanting jeune fille dresses in white organdie and tulle.

CARDIN takes his own special approach to fashion, with talent and invention striking out in all directions. Smashing evening clothes, especially a slender black velvet skirt and biased creamy silk top that ties once at the back showing a flicker of skin below the knot—this is a reverse and extremely raffiné version of the St. Tropez knotted-shirttail look; very unlike any other night looks and thoroughly delicious. Also a series of long tunics loose as art smocks: cerise organza to the knee with a long skirt; the same smock in black brocade, long-sleeved, with a short skirt. The beauty part of Cardin: face veils with floaty feather-edges, flowing from tiny black-saucer hats. For day: some of the very best boots; gleaming brown leather, soft as leggings, zipped up the back and snapped with a tiny triangular flap; yoked on to broad very mildly squared toes.

Fur is as exciting a fashion in Paris this year as it is in America, and every couturier as well as the great furriers had ideas about it. *Petit gris*, which we noted as a marked fashion impact last winter in New York, is news again here. Chanel used it in the restrained Chanel manner; St. Laurent showed a cap finishing one of his best late-day costumes—a plumb-line kingfisher blue tunic of doubled satin (lifted collar circled by big pearls with a square Byzantine pendant of gold, pearls, carnelian), a smidge of black satin skirt. White mink as collars everywhere; collars and cuffs at Chanel: a white mink dress at Balmain. At Courrèges, a shiny black coat lined with white fur: black mink backing white ottoman; over white pyjamas, a long at-home coat of pink muskrat which someone reached out to touch. Russian raccoon at Chombert in a greatcoat as powerful as the sway of a potentate from Outer Mongolia. Plus giraffe (le jamais vu), polar bear, navy-blue otter, panther, and percheron. . . . Sable is still sable.

As for hemlines . . . Heim launched much longer skirts on the first day of the collections. Ricci—as we've said—made cold-climate coats to the tops of knee socks, worn with short skirts, which means the best of two possible worlds, indoors and out. Most women with an eye for fashion will settle for the shortest possible skirts, the snappiest boots. —D. V.

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF WIG-OWNING

(Continued from page 242)

and dried. After this comes the comb-out involving backcombing to hide the foundation, light brushing to shape the line, and a mist of *lacquerless water-soluble hairspray* to hold the set.

• If your wig or hairpiece is "raw" and needs styling from scratch, be sure to let your hairdresser shape the hair by cutting *enough*. A bit of feathery cutting around the forehead and sides is a must for a natural-looking effect. Properly cut, hair should be able to ruffle slightly in the breeze; not cut enough, it will sit woodenly on the head.

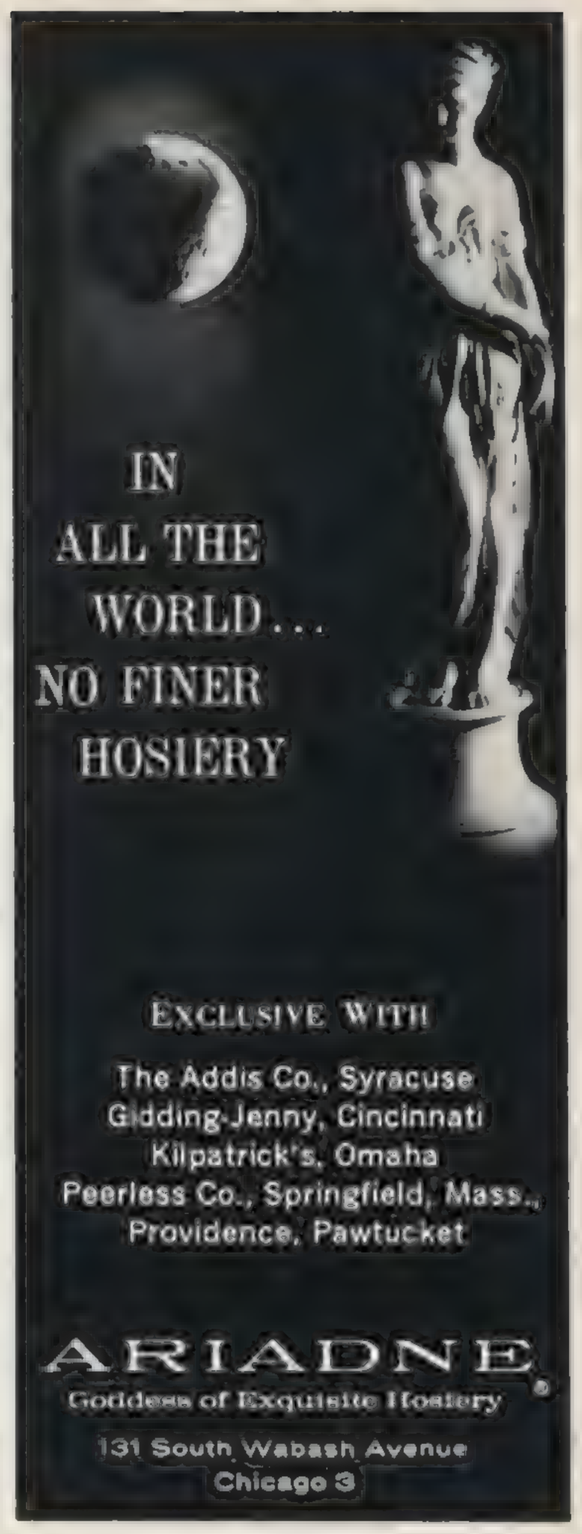
• Once your wig has been fitted, cut, styled, sprayed, take it home on its own block. (One of the smartest specialists in the wig field, Paul Chabré, marks each of his clients' blocks with a pattern designating how and where the wig should be placed on it, with x-es marking the spots where block pins should go.) Don't leave the blocked wig in a closed wigbox; give it air. For travelling, use a styrofoam block. As for hairpieces, wrap them in a silky scarf. (Plastic bags aren't adored by wig people, we've learned; plastic tends to hold dampness—a wig's undoing.)

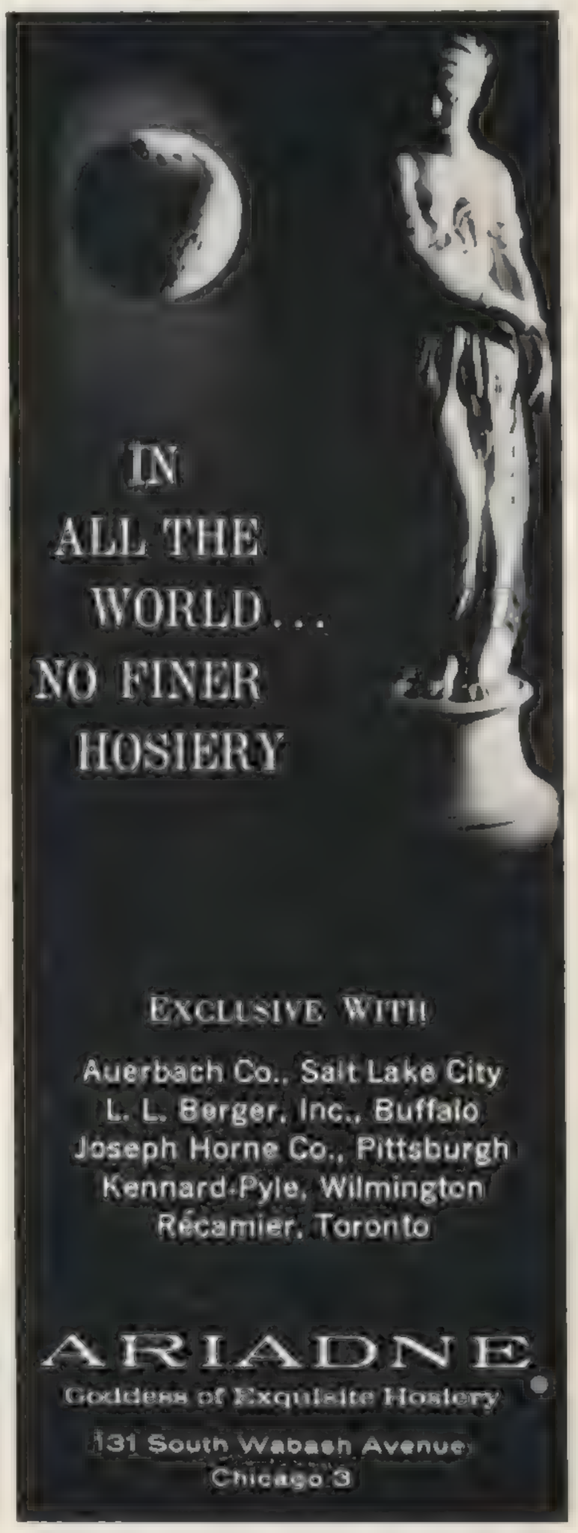
• About the handling of wigs and hairpieces, there's some controversy—some specialists say women are too finicky about them; some say they're not careful enough. On this question, we'll follow the view of M. Chabré and recommend that you hold your wig in a gingerly fashion; touch it as little as possible; brush it only with a soft baby brush—heavy combing will wear out the backbrushing and flatten the hair. He considers it's all right to put your wig or hairpiece on a damp head of hair—as long as you're careful about re-blocking afterwards. A damp wig tossed off like a beret will take on the shape into which it's thrown. Meanwhile, use your own head for a block.

• Among hairpiece specialists, there tend now to be three types: the long-experienced specialists who know everything there is to know about hair and have been practising hairpiece knowledge for generations (in New York, Joseph Fleischer; in Los Angeles, the Max Factor salon). . . . Next are the new big operators who do every kind of wig business—wholesale, retail, repairing, servicing. A firm called Fashion Tress in Miami Beach is one of these, and the aforementioned Mr. Schaefer who heads it just may wind up by being to wigs what John Jacob Astor was to furs. Many of the Fashion Tress wigs (wefted, usually) are used respectfully by hairdressers and custom wigmakers all over the world—and in the spirit of missionary work, Fashion Tress runs a three-day seminar every four weeks to teach hairdressers how to fit and handle wigs. Also emanating from Miami Beach is Merriwig. Wigs are the stock in trade here, naturally, but the new kick is a kind of small economy-size version called—what else—the Merriwiglet.

• A great user of Fashion Tress wiggery, also a man new to the wig business and going-great-guns is one Milton Barrie who owns a one-flight-up-on-Thirty-fourth Street kind of shop (which in fact is one flight up at West Thirty-fourth) called Wig City. . . . Most fascinating to us, however, is the new breed

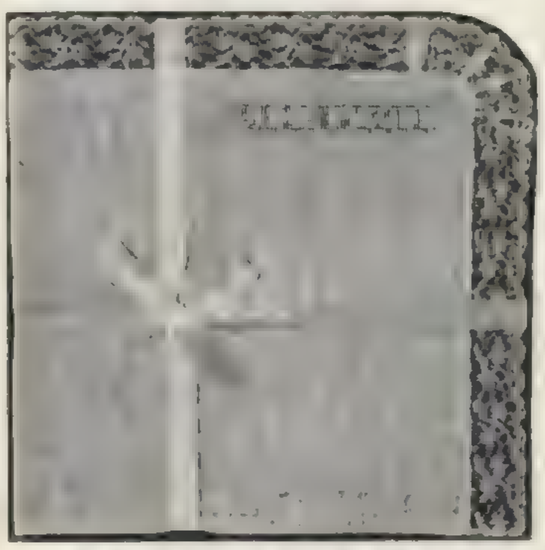
(Continued on page 253)







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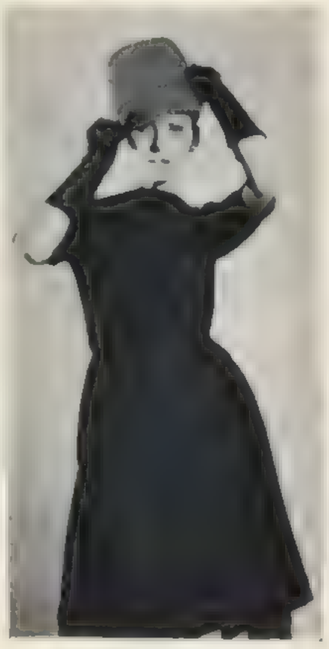
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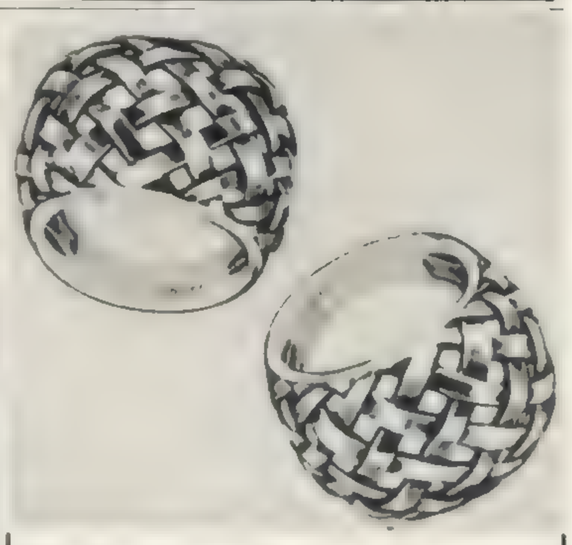
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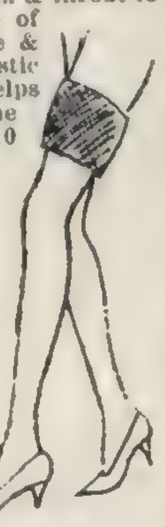
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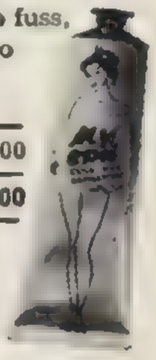
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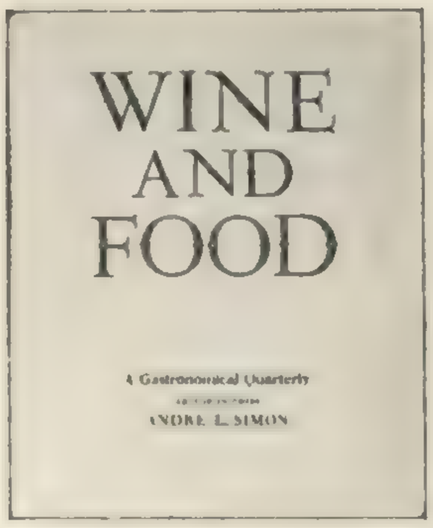


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Vogue maintains an information bureau for the benefit of its readers who would like help in the selection of a school. The service is gratis and we urge you to make full use of it. Write or telephone to: VOGUE'S SCHOOL BUREAU.

WIG-OWNING

(Continued from page 245)

of wigmaker—the man who saw a future in wigs, and became a specialist in wigmaking, after having made a success in hairdressing. The combined experience means that he can bring to wigmaking a special and sophisticated sense of design. There are several such wigmakers ex-hairstylists; M. Chabré is one, and a good one. The little salon which he and his wife opened some ten months ago on East Fifty-seventh Street has something of the air of a custom millinery salon (though one of the workrooms looks like a science student's laboratory full of gadgets aimed at simplification). M. Chabré has taste, confidence, enthusiasm, and humour—and, it seems, a reputation for saving situations. Whether or not one's wig came from Chabré originally, he'll take it in for a styling ($10 for this service). His favourite client—he's yet to meet her; she lives in Ohio—recently sent him a wig that had once been handsome but had undergone undue stress: an accompanying letter explained that the wig had been put in a Pyrex dish and baked in an oven "to keep the curls." The wig was not repairable, but the episode presented to M. Chabré's mind still one more argument in favour of wigs: "Is it not a very good thing she didn't try it with her own head?"

• Many wigs and hairpieces are assembled raw in Europe and sent here to be styled, fitted, sold. Others arrive styled and need only to meet their human match in shade and spirit. Still others are made in the U. S. A., then sold to department stores, hairpiece specialists, or hairdressers. Still others are custom made after a woman has described her dream wig to a hairpiece specialist or her hairdresser (who may in turn relay the message to a local maker or send off the specifications to a colleague in Europe). However you approach the matter of wig- or hairpiece-owning, however much or little you pay, expect your second head to work for you as a second head should; to make you twice as smart.

THE HARMON KNITWEAR DRESS BY RUDI GERNREICH

Shown on page 141 is available at the following stores

CALIFORNIA
Beverly Hills.....Amelia Gray
Chico.....Li'Llone Hut
La Habra.....Apropos
Long Beach "Marina".....Buffum's
Los Angeles "Sunset Strip".....Leisure Class
Los Angeles Wilshire @ Fairfax.....Seibu
Newport Beach.....Peggy Parkinson
Oakland.....Irene Sargent
Orange.....Apropos
Pacific Palisades.....Easton d'Orr
Palos Verdes.....Buffum's
Redding.....Li'Llone Hut
Sacramento.....The Etc. Shop
San Francisco.....Nasimo's
Sherman Oaks "Fashion Square" Country Club Fashions
Studio City.....Joan E. Johns
Van Nuys.....Le Vines
West Covina.....Country Club Fashions
Westwood Village.....Charliene Reveal

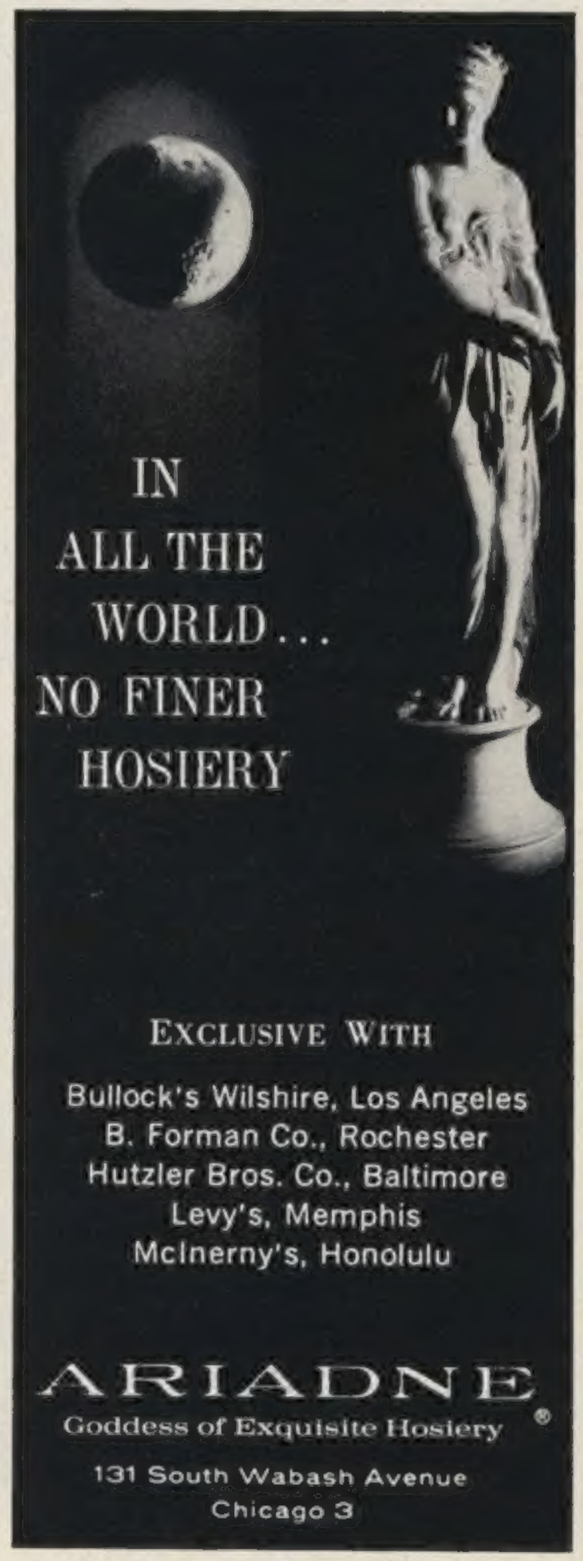
COLORADO
Denver.....May D & F

FLORIDA
Coral Gables.....Clothes Horse
Ft. Lauderdale.....Habers
Miami.....Jordan Marsh
Miami Beach.....Babs
Pompano Beach.....Milgrims
Riviera Beach.....Marge Spinney
South Miami.....Red Shutter
Palos Heights, Ill.....Erling Gustafs
Skokie, Ill.....A Star on Oakton
Chestnut Hills, Mass.....La Boutique
Grosse Point, Mich.....Leon's, Inc.
Las Vegas, Nev. "Flamingo Hotel" Sperlings
Reno, Nev.....La Nina Shoppe
Merchantville, New Jersey.....Miss T. Ltd.
Brooklyn, New York.....Florence Casuals
New Rochelle, New York.....Mad Jacs

MARYLAND
Baltimore.....Hutzler Bro.

MISSOURI
Kansas City.....Emery-Bird-Thayer

OHIO
Cincinnati.....Mabley & Carew
Cleveland.....Higbee Co.
Columbus.....F & R Lazarus Co.
Dayton.....Rike-Kumler Co.
University Heights.....Florence Kay
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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

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California	
Los Angeles	651-4612
San Diego	239-4516
San Francisco	GA 1-7191
Colorado	
Denver	244-3136
Connecticut	
Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford	see New York, White Plains
Hartford	247-7229
includes Springfield, Mass.	
includes New Haven	
Delaware	
Wilmington	see Philadelphia
District of Columbia	
Washington	District 7-8668
Florida	
Jacksonville	356-4401
Miami	377-2977
Georgia	
Atlanta	233-0885
Hawaii	
Honolulu	571-063
Illinois	
Chicago	236-3580
includes Gary, Indiana	
Hammond, Indiana	
Indiana	
Indianapolis	Melrose 6-6883
Gary, Hammond	see Chicago
Iowa	
Des Moines	243-8758
Kentucky	
Louisville	584-7998
Louisiana	
New Orleans	525-7866
Maryland	
Baltimore	PL 2-3914
Massachusetts	
Boston	HA 6-1550
Fall River	see Providence, R. I.
Springfield	see Hartford, Conn.
Michigan	
Detroit	961-7116

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Kansas City	LO 1-0013
St. Louis	CE 1-2514
Nebraska	
Lincoln	432-1336
New Jersey	
Newark	642-4967
New York	
Albany	463-4690
Buffalo	854-4055
New York City	LT 1-3879
Garden City, L. I.	PI 6-4144
White Plains	WH 9-9111
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Rochester	CH 4-0400
Ohio	
Columbus	221-3544
Cincinnati	621-3375
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Cleveland	781-5148
Oklahoma	
Oklahoma City	CE 5-4286
Tulsa	Luther 4-2786
Oregon	
Portland	222-5393
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Harrisburg	CE 3-7242
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Providence	421-9760
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